THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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MY RIVAL.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY FLORENCE PERCY.

Oh, where have you wandered, my lover,
Since last in the twilight we met?
The days have been long in your absence,
And dreary with doubt and regret.

Nay, make me no wild protestations,—
Too plainly, oh, false one, I see
You have given the hours to my rival,
Forgetful of duty and me.

I see how her treacherous fingers
Have tangled the rings of your hair—
I see how your forehead is burning—
The stain of her kisses is there!

Your eyes have a feverish brightness—
I know where they borrowed their light—
The wildering orbs of my rival
Are marvels of brilliance and blight!

Alas, that the faith which I trusted,
Is quenched by her evil eclipse!
That the mouth which so oft has renounced her,
Is warm with the touch of her lips!

Oh, false and most treacherous lover!
Your vows and entreaties are vain—
One glance from the eye of my rival,
And you would forsake me again!

So leave me—I scorn you henceforward—
Love's altar-fire nought can relume—
So down, hand in hand with my rival,
The pathway of darkness and doom.

'Tis hopeless to struggle against her,
Whose charms are more potent than mine—
I yield you henceforth to my rival—
The wildering Goddess of Wine!

COMING HOME.

(CONCLUDED.)

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A TRAP TO CATCH A SUNBEAM," "ONLY," &c.

Alice slept heavily, and did not awake till the clock struck nine the next morning. Ralph had left the room; she rose, therefore, and dressed hastily. But before she was ready, the door opened, and Ralph entered. He walked up to her, and kissed her forehead, and then said—

"Alice, what you said last evening gave me a sleepless night, for I lay awake trying to come to some decision; but I don't wish to act hastily, or in a way that should make us repent afterwards. I can't talk in high-flown language about what I feel, but I know that *I have loved and do still love you like my heart's blood*; it's often beneath the roughest manners that the deepest feelings lie. Before I dreamed that you would ever be my wife, I loved you, Alice; and I cannot tell you what I felt, when first I began to fancy that you returned it. You know not of the nights and days of torment I passed, wrestling with myself, trying not to propose to you, because I knew, little as you give me credit for it, what a contrast the two homes were. I tried you in many ways first, and always found that you spoke of a homely country life as the one you should like—of small houses being so much pleasanter—of many servants being a trouble, till my heart seemed ready to burst with hope and delight, that you *would* be happy in my humble home. Alice, why, why did you look up in my face with your soul, as it were, in your eyes, and say, 'Ralph, I love you; what matters what your home is like?' if now you try to break the heart you took such pains to win? But I'm forgetting myself, and talking like a fool; my object for speaking to you now is to say, I have written this letter to your father; read it, and then give it to him. I think you will find it is what you wish. God bless you!" Again he kissed her on the forehead, and left her holding the letter he had given her in her hand. She was some minutes before she could recover herself, to read it, and she could scarcely credit that she read aright when these lines met her eye:

"DEAR SIR:—Business of importance calls me abroad. May I leave Alice with you? she would be so desolate alone. Circumstances will decide the length of my absence. She has no idea of my intended departure. I have chosen this mode of proceeding to spare her from any distress she might feel at parting with me. I shall be able to explain my sudden, and, as it may seem to you, strange, proceeding, if I am spared to return.

"Yours always,
"RALPH MAYNARD."

"What can he mean? He is joking, surely," she thought. "No; his tone was too serious for that; there was no sign of merriment in that pale, stern face. Would he really go? Would she be happy there in her own early home without him?" Such thoughts passed rapidly through her brain as she hurriedly finished her toilet and flew down stairs to bid him stay; to tell him that she did love him still; that any home with him was better than a palace without him. In the hall she met Laura.

"My dear Alice, you look as scared as we all feel. Ralph is gone; aunt and uncle won't believe me; but he *is*; the man says so, and that he told him he had left a note with you for his master. Is some one dangerously ill, or what is it? Don't look so pale, Alice; you frighten me; come into the dining-room; there, sit down; now tell me all about it; what is it?"

"You, Laura," answered Alice, in a voice of unnatural calmness, "you, who, like a spirit of evil, came and turned our joy to bitterness. It is your doing; you have made me drive my husband from me. But tell them to find something to take me home," she said, starting up suddenly. "Why do I stay here, when perhaps I can stop him? Some one get me a horse, or some means of getting home! Oh, papa, papa!" she cried, throwing her arms round him, as at the moment he entered the room; "take me to my husband! Don't let him go!" and then her passionate sobs and tears burst forth, choking her utterance; but she gave her father the letter she had in her hand: and he, gathering from its perusal that some disagreement was the cause, ordered a carriage directly to take her home, endeavoring, in the meanwhile, to soothe and comfort her. He and her mother persuaded her to take some coffee, while the carriage was getting ready; and Laura, of course, said she would dress and return with her. She was sincerely sorry if she had been the cause of any unhappiness between them; it was far from her intention. However, she would merely drive back to Melton, get her things, and proceed at once to London, as she felt she could no longer be a welcome guest.

To all this Alice made no answer; and, during the whole of their drive home, she never spoke one word to her cousin.

Arrived at home, she sprang out of the carriage, and flew, rather than walked, up the garden. Maria came to the door.

"Dear me, ma'am, this is a surprise—ain't it? Master said you wasn't coming home for three or four days—didn't he?"

"Where is your master?" gasped Alice.

"Gone, ma'am, to foreign parts. He said you know'd, and you was going to stay with your papa till he came back; he an't but just gone; mayhap some one could catch him. You'd like to see him once more—shouldn't you? Lor! how white she do look—don't she?"

Laura, who was really alarmed at the deadly paleness of her cousin's face, led her quickly into the drawing-room, and persuaded her to take off her bonnet and lie down, while she saw what was to be done.

"Tell me from the beginning, Maria, what your master said and did, and then we shall see how to proceed."

"Well, Miss Hammond, he came up to the house with his horse all in a foam, ran in and up stairs, ran down again with a few things, as it 'peared like, in a carpet-bag, and saying, 'Good-by; I'm going abroad; missis won't be home for a few days,' off he went! Well, we were scared—that's Ruth and me—and I went outside and see Bob cleaning the horse. 'Goodness me, Bob,' I says, 'is master going to walk all the way?' 'Why, you stupid!'—that's just how he spoke, Miss Harrison—'of course not—he's going in the dog cart from the "Lion" to the station.'"

Alice, who had listened in a fever of impatience to this preamble, jumped up and said to Laura,

"I will walk myself to the 'Lion,' and see if he has started; no one else will go as quickly."

"Let me come with you," said Laura, as she was preparing to start alone.

"No, thank you: I'll go by myself;" and before Laura could use further remonstrance she was gone.

But it was a long way to the "Lion," and the faster she tried to walk, or rather run, the slower she seemed to get on. When, at length, she arrived, it was only to learn that Mr. Maynard had been gone about five minutes. Had they any other vehicle in, which could be sent after him? No, nothing. They had a fly, but only the one horse. In despair she turned away, and slowly walked home, feeling that she could do nothing now, but wait patiently for her husband to write.

She could not help feeling that to her cousin she was indebted for the misery that had come upon her, and therefore her manner was any thing but cordial; indeed, so cold and distant was she, that Laura was fixed in her determination to return home at once; and as soon as she could pack her things, she left, feeling indignant on her part that she was accused of causing unhappiness, where she had only intended to improve matters: and so Alice was left alone with her sad reflections. The long and weary night passed at last; and she rose as soon as it was light, and went down to her solitary breakfast. Now, indeed, did the rooms look dreary; and as she contrasted the little dining-room with that first evening of her arrival, when her kind husband was there, so glad at her coming home, and all wore such an aspect of cheerfulness, she felt how little external things have really to do with happiness—that it is the dear ones who surround us which makes our home, and their love and tenderness, or their coldness and neglect, its joy or its misery. She did not wish that her servants should know there was any thing amiss; so she endeavored to carry a quiet and cheerful face about with her; but it was a hard struggle, and it did not deceive old Abel; he could see that his pretty flower was drooping, and powerless to help or comfort her, the old man, who dearly loved his good master, and for his sake as much as her own, his wife, felt more worried and anxious than he had done for years. Knowing what a favorite Abel was with Ralph, Alice seemed to take some little comfort in talking to him; and as it was a very cold day, she made him come in to the kitchen fire, and brought him a glass of wine herself.

"It's very cold, Abel—is it not? Not much weather for flowers!"

"No, ma'am, there is not many of 'em brave enough to blow now, pretty dears. South winds and summer skies suit them best, most of them; they need management as much as human creatures! A man I once knew went abroad, and brought from the land he went to a little flower, which he thought would look gay and pretty in his own garden at home; but he forgot that it had been used to a very different climate, where the sun shone with so much more warmth, and where there were no chilling winds to nip it up and wither it; so, when the poor little plant drooped its leaves, and its buds fell off before they came to perfection, the man was disappointed, and left it alone to die, instead of trying to make the climate more like the one it was used to. I had a greenhouse then, and I said, 'Give me the flower if you don't care for it;' and I took it and put it in the greenhouse, and watched it like a child. Each day I could see a little improvement; and you, ma'am, nor no one, I dare say, will hardly believe what it was to me, when I saw a little bud coming on it, or how I watched the opening of it. When it did blow, I fetched the man, and I said, 'There, now, take that as a lesson for your life; let it serve to teach you that you can make nothing nor nobody do what God has not fitted them for. Every thing has got its place and purpose, and you can no more force a tender plant nurtured in warmth to live in the cold, than you can make a delicate child work like a strong man."

Alice smiled faintly when the old man ceased; but she made no answer, only shook his hand kindly, and told him to stay by the fire till he was quite warm; and she went back to her lonely room. She felt the old man's story was not unlike her own case. She, too, had been brought, as it were, from a hothouse to the cold, open ground, where she thought she should wither and perhaps die; and that Ralph, disappointed and hurt, had gone and left her, as the man had done his little flower. She felt sure Abel had some meaning in telling the story to her, and was vexed, as she thought it over, that she had given this impression to any one, for was it not her own free will? had she not chosen to share his home? What right had she now to complain, that it was not like the one he brought her from? Oh, if she only knew where he was, she would write and tell him of her sorrow and her love; and her earnest determination once more to be contented and happy, if he would only return. Utterly wretched and hopeless, she could occupy herself in nothing, and was sitting looking at the fire, with the large tears coursing down her face, when a knock at the door disturbed her. She was about to run out and beg Maria not to admit any one, when she heard the soft, low tones of Mrs. Stanley's voice—the very person she most wished to see; and the only one who, she felt, could comfort and advise her.

She could not speak to her when she entered, only held out both her hands, and lift her streaming eyes to that kind good face.

"My dear child! What is it—what is wrong? I hear strange tales; but I'm come to learn the truth, and comfort and help you, if I can."

She seated herself beside Alice, and still holding her hand, patiently listened to her tale. Alice told her all—how the first impression on "coming home" had been a sad one, as though these events had indeed cast their shadows before; how she had afterwards liked her little home so much, and had been so happy, till her cousin had come and shown her all its discomforts; that having succeeded in making her discontented, she had seemed to make Ralph so, too: that he had begun to find fault, and seemingly to think Laura right, and a model of elegance; and she, his wife, who had striven so to please him, who had given up so much for him, and dressed plainly to suit his income, he seemed to think wrong in everything.

"At least," continued Alice, "this was the distorted view I took of it. When he admired Laura's elegant dress, I thought he meant to condemn mine; and perhaps, poor fellow, after all it was to please me, because I had asked him to be very kind to her. She told me he was so rough, till I believed it. She persuaded me that I ought not to waste time in working for or visiting the poor, till I was ashamed to do it; in short, she upset every notion I had formed of a useful and happy life, so that I believed at length that Ralph had wronged me immeasurably in making me his wife—that we were totally unsuited, and never should be happy. I told him so, Mrs. Stanley; told my poor Ralph he had no right to bring me here; and never shall I forget his face nor what he said to me."

"Well, poor child," answered Mrs. Stanley, "it would be needless to tell you you have been wrong, for you know and feel that. Let me see if I can set you right; first of all, you must write to your husband, and induce him to return; the address I will get for you from Mr. Wenham, who is seeing his patients for him, and who told me he was to write if anything went amiss; then you must endeavor to think gently of your cousin; she meant well, and perhaps in some points her advice was sound. It is needful for a wife to 'look well to the ways of her household,' and such common things as eating and drinking form part of that duty. Although, perhaps, it is not paying the nobler sex a great compliment, I believe a good dinner does go a long way towards keeping a man in a good temper; therefore, to discover early your husband's taste in the culinary department, is a wise thing to do. I also think that the evening should be devoted to the husband's amusement, who has been away and occupied all day; and perhaps seeing his wife absorbed in plain work or accounts, or gardens and inelegant appearance, [illegible] to his amusement, but, on the contrary, irritate his temper: and therefore wo[illegible] poor, which is a kind and good [illegible] when it does not interfere with h[illegible] might perhaps better occupy son[illegible] hours when you are alone. Visiting, is, I am sure, good for us all. Who better learn lessons of patience and [illegible] and gratitude for our happier lot? Surely, many and many a time you must have felt this cottage a palace, after some of your visits. I can never think that wrong, unless, as I said about the work, it leads you to neglect home duties. But I shall conclude my homily in a way which may make you wonder why I ever began it, namely, by telling you, never take any one's advice about the management of your husband and his house; you have the best teacher always with you—love; love for him will teach you to discover his fancies and to indulge them. You must know best his temper and disposition, and therefore ought to be the best judge of what will please him.—Your mistakes, till you thoroughly understand him, will be many and frequent; but go on trying, cheered by love and aided by prayer, and you will be certain of success in the end. In short, my dear child, I see nothing to cause these briny drops at all. You have a pretty, cheerful home, which I assure you in the summer looks lovely; you have one of the best and truest-hearted beings for your husband, who is, I am convinced, as proud and fond of his wife as he can be, and fifty fashionably-dressed young ladies would never succeed in making him less so. So pray dismiss all such imaginary troubles, and once more feel as contented with yourself, your husband, and your house, as you have every reason to be."

"Thank you, dear Mrs. Stanley; I will try. Indeed, you don't know how you have comforted me."

"That is well; I came with that intention. Depend on it, dear child, there are two sides to every picture; and surely, it is best and wisest to have the prettiest side to look at—is it not? I am sure we can, if we try, learn to be content in whatsoever state we are. Nothing will help us better than contrasting our own condition with that of hundreds of other fellow-creatures, beings with like feelings to our own, equally sensible to pain and discomfort, placed in the most distressing situations. I am sure no one can read a work lately published, called *London Shadows, or the Homes of Thousands*, and not raise a prayer of thankfulness to God for a home which has windows to give light, a roof to shelter from the wind and weather, and pure air to circulate through it."

"Dear Mrs. Stanley," said Alice, pressing her hand gratefully, "you did not think, when you offered to help and serve me, how soon you would be called on to do so."

"I meant it sincerely when I said it; you looked to me like one who sometimes needed and would value a friend; and though I am sorry you are so soon in trouble, I am most glad to be that friend. And now I must go. Good-bye; always send to me when you want me."

In half an hour's time Mrs. Stanley sent the address, which was at a Mrs. Sidney Arundel's, Bryanstone Square, London, where all letters were to be directed.

Alice sat down at once, and wrote an earnest letter of entreaty to her husband to return; and she had just despatched it when the carriage from the Limes drew up. Her father and mother had driven over to see if Ralph had returned; and, finding he had not, they urged her to go back with them; but to this she would not listen. Ralph might return at any moment, and she would not leave the house, and so they ceased to entreat her to do so; indeed, though they were sorry to leave her in such loneliness, still they both felt she ought to be at home. They then begged her to let them know in what way Laura had been the cause of this hasty proceeding of Ralph's.

"It was my own silliness, mamma dear, far more than any fault of Laura's; but if my own dear husband will only come back to me, I shall, I hope, never be so foolish again. I trust Georgina and Marian will not talk about this, and think or tell people I am unhappy. I am not, *indeed;* at least, I shall not be when I once get Ralph back again."

"Georgey and Marian know nothing, my dear child, but that Ralph was obliged to go abroad suddenly, and imagine that he wished you not to be alone, and had brought you to the Limes without your knowing his intentions; in short, all they know about it is his note, which you saw the morning you left."

"Thank you, dear papa; let nothing more be told any one. I am heartily ashamed of my folly, and only anxious to repair it by a lifetime of devotion to my dear, good Ralph."

"I trust you may have the opportunity, my dear girl. I am astonished that you could have been swayed by Laura, who, though possessing some good qualities, is a frivolous, worldly person I should be sorry to see my girl resemble. If you will let us, we shall take some luncheon with you while our horses bait."

"Oh, certainly, dear papa; I dare say you will excuse it not being a very grand one, for I have been too bewildered and miserable to think of any housekeeping matters, and have simply eaten what they brought me."

"Some bread and cheese will amply satisfy us, my dear."

"My dear mamma, I can do better than that, I hope, on your first visit,—your first visit! and no Ralph to welcome you!" she said, the ready tears again filling her eyes.

"Never mind, never mind; we will come often, please God, and find you and Ralph happier than you have ever been,—the cloudy morning is oftimes the fairest day."

The arrival of her parents passed the day tolerably for poor Alice, though every sound made her start, and every footstep made her heart beat, for she could not help hoping he would return in spite of his determination.—But he came not that day nor the next; but as the night began to fade, towards the evening of the third dreary day, the sound of wheels drawing up before the gate startled her; she flew to the door and opened it eagerly, but a stranger, not her Ralph, stood before her.

"Mrs. Maynard, I presume," he said, raising his hat. "I have no doubt you are disappointed at not seeing your husband; if you will step in out of the cold, I will tell you why I am here instead."

Alice, mute with astonishment, went back into the drawing room; the stranger followed her.

"Your husband is, I regret to say, very far from well. Do not be alarmed; there is nothing, I trust, now, serious; but he cannot be moved for some time, and he wishes you, naturally, to be with him. I thought a telegraphic message without explanation would alarm you so much, that I offered to come myself. I am fond of a trip, and would serve dear Ralph Maynard with my life if he needed it; he has been the best and truest friend I ever had."

"And you will take me to him at once—will you not?" said poor Alice, who, with hands clasped and eyes fixed on her visitor, had drank in every word he said.

"At once."

"A thousand thanks! I will not lose a minute;" and she flew from the room, and in an incredibly short space of time was ready, merely telling the servants, as she passed out, that their master was ill and she was sent for; that her address Mrs. Stanley would give them, if they had to write; and that they would return as soon as Mr. Maynard could be moved.

To describe Alice's state of mind until she reached her husband would be impossible; and when she saw him at length in bed, pale as death, leech marks on his temples, and his head covered with wet cloths, it was with the utmost difficulty she could calm herself, or exercise that self-control which she had promised. A smile of ineffable love and tenderness passed over his face as he saw her, and he eagerly held out his hand; she took it in both of hers, and kissed it tenderly, and then sitting down beside him, she kept hold of it till he sunk into a sweet sleep; it was the first since his illness. The dreadful excitement in which he had left home, the hurry of his journey, and having fasted for many hours, were the causes, they said, of his illness. Fortunately for him, the attack seized him before he left Arundel's house, and every care and attention had been paid to him. At first he had not thought it necessary to write to Alice, and the next day he was not conscious enough to write himself, or desire others to do so. As soon as he could, he requested that a telegraphic message might be sent to summon her; but Arundel would not hear of it, but determined to fetch her himself. He felt he could never do enough for Ralph; for when a very young man, and the possessor of a fine property, he had become intimate with a set of men who were doing their best to ruin him. Ralph saw his friend's danger, and rested not till he had rescued him, shown him his folly, and led him to higher and better pursuits. He was now happily married, with this nice house in London, and his own pretty country place, an honored and respected member of society. He surely had good cause to be grateful to Ralph Maynard.

Alice sat by Ralph's side all that night; nothing would induce her to leave him; he seemed to her like a recovered treasure, which she feared to lose out of her sight. He was better the next day: the delight of having his wife near him, of seeing, by her tender solicitude, that she loved him still, was a better medicine for him than any they could give him, and he improved rapidly. In a day or two he was able to get down to the sofa, and felt equal to talk to Alice of all that had passed.

"Were you not naughty to leave me, now?" she said, as she pillowed his head on her shoulder, that first day he was down; "you see you could not do without me." Holding him there, she could afford to be playful, and to smile her old happy smile.

"I think we were both naughty, dear; we must rub all that out and begin again. Poor Laura Harcourt! after all, perhaps she has done us a great deal of good, though not quite in the way she meant."

"Did you mean really to go abroad, or were you going to stay here?"

"I intended staying here just to see if 'somebody' would say 'sorry,' and if not, then I should have gone; I really hardly know where: perhaps to the diggings."

"But how did you suppose I was to know your address? You never left it with me."

"No; but I asked Wenham to let you have it, which I suppose he did, as you wrote—by the way, where is that letter? Master Arundel must give it me. I was too ill to see it when it came."

"There is no occasion to see it now; it had better be burnt; but Mr. Wenham did not leave your address; Mrs. Stanley got it for me from him."

"Well, likely enough he did not understand me; I scarcely knew what I said myself; but something about being called away in a hurry, and that he was to send you my address."

"Send it to the Limes, I suppose you said?"

"Yes, of course, I left you there."

"You did; but you never supposed I would quietly stay there without an effort to get you back?" and she then told him how she hurried home, and then walked to the inn herself, in the vain hope of catching him.

"Poor, dear girl! Well, never mind; we made ourselves miserable, and we therefore deserved to be so; it will serve us for a 'Winter's Tale,' and with a moral which I trust we shall never forget."

"And you would not rather have married Laura Harcourt?"

"Good gracious! No. I was civil to her solely to please you; the dressing for dinner—a thing I hate when I'm tired—was for your sake, because you had begged I would."

"But you *said* it was to please Laura."

"And did you not ask me to dress to please Laura? I was only complying with your request, and I own I was vexed that you did not seem satisfied, and that, likely enough, made me complain of the dinner, for I did really feel rather cross; and when one is a little put out, the least thing is a vexation, which at another time we should never notice."

"True, darling! But now you must not speak another word, but have some jelly and go to sleep."

He obeyed her like a child, took the jelly, and then, with his head still on her shoulder, fell asleep; and as she watched him in that quiet slumber, so like the image of death, she thought of the agony which hers would have been, if those dear eyes had really been closed forever. How bitter and vain would have been her repentance for the harsh words she had spoken! and earnestly she blessed God, who had spared her husband, and given her time to repay him for all the sorrow she had caused him.

In a week he was able to return home, and they parted from Mr. and Mrs. Arundel with a promise that they would come and pass a week or two with them in the summer.

And the weeks and months went by, and old Abel's heart was made glad, as he saw how the snowdrop had reared its head, and how bright and happy it looked.

And Christmas was again at hand; and another guest was expected—one looked forward to with trembling joy, with earnest prayer, that it might stay with them, and be their *comfort all their lives; and as the bells of the* old church began to summon together all, both rich and poor, to come and worship beneath its roof on Christmas morn, in memory of the birth of the heavenly Babe, Alice, the new-made mother, murmured a prayer, that he would bless her darling, and teach her to bring it to him!

With this, her second guest, seemed to come back all the good spirits which had been scared by the first. Cheerfulness and content once again took up their abode in the doctor's little cottage: they could not long be absent from a home, for the inmates of which the poor raised earnest prayers, and on whom they never failed to invoke fervent blessings. Old Abel's delight at the child was only to be equalled by its mother's; and as he left the room, after having been admitted to see it, he said, smiling at Alice—

"It is a sweet bud, full of promise. God grant it may come to perfection, though I may not live to see it!" And the only question of Maria's which Alice ever felt inclined to answer cordially, was—

"It's a beauty—ain't it?"

And shall we not find in our tale a moral, to be our beacon light, and warn us of a rock which may often endanger the bark in which our all of happiness is launched? It has attempted to show how necessary it is for us all to follow the Psalmist's example, and strive to "offend not in our tongue, but to keep our mouths, as it were, with a bridle." Surely, among the idle words which we shall have to account for, will be those which caused bitterness and discontent to spring up in a household where all had been bright before—that thoughtless intermeddling with the affairs of others, which too often sets at variance husband and wife, parent and child, brother and sister. It is a good old proverb, that "a still tongue makes a wise head," and though a word spoken in due season is no doubt very good, it requires discretion to discover and note when that due season is. We should never forget that every word we utter, everything we do, has an influence for good or evil on those about us.

And one word may be said, in conclusion, to those to whom this tale seems more particularly to allude—the newly-married. I would wish that it should cheer those young brides, who, like Alice, have felt that their "Coming Home" was not quite what they expected—cheer them by the thought that time will bring the conviction that the reality of *married* love is far surer and more enduring, than the *romance* of early love—that dream-land in which we first wander, when the faults and follies of our poor human nature are neither seen nor believed in; but angels in each other's sight, we remain in this fool's paradise, till the sober realities of married life awaken us to the fact that we are, after all, but mortals, with weaknesses and failings which have to be borne with mutually, and mutually forgiven. This may be the first disappointment; but then, as time

rolls on, and the knowledge comes of how completely we are one in interest and in heart; how dependent on each other for comfort and support; how entire and true is the sympathy with one another, even in the most trivial things; how the same griefs and joys affect both,—every shade of disappointment will vanish, and that "perfect love" only remain "which casteth out fear."

I cannot conclude better than in the words of William Penn: "NEVER MARRY BUT FOR LOVE, BUT SEE THAT THOU LOVEST WHAT IS LOVELY."

THE END.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1859.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

DEVOTED TO PURE LITERATURE,

THE NEWS, AGRICULTURE, &c.

G. P. R. JAMES, Esq., MARY HOWITT, GRACE GREENWOOD, T. S. ARTHUR, &c.

The Proprietors of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST would call the attention of the public to their long-established sheet, and especially to their BRILLIANT ARRANGEMENTS for the coming year. THE POST is peculiarly adapted to the wants of COUNTRY FAMILIES, as it contains weekly not only a large amount of the Best Literature, but the Latest News, Agricultural Essays and Information, Domestic Receipts, Accounts of the Markets, &c., &c., &c.

In its Literary Department measures have been taken to render the coming year one of Unusual Interest. Determined to obtain for THE POST the very best talent that could be procured, we have made arrangements with the distinguished author, G. P. R. JAMES, Esq., for the aid of his brilliant and fertile pen. We design opening the year with an Historical Novelet by this gifted author, to be entitled

THE CAVALIER,

By G. P. R. JAMES, Esq.,

Author of "Richelieu," "Mary of Burgundy," "The Old Dominion," &c., &c.

To show that we have hesitated at no reasonable expense to procure the very best talent for our readers, we may be allowed to state that we pay Mr. James for the above Novelet the sum of

$1,680.00!

an amount which, though large, is simply in accordance with the usual rates that Mr. James's high reputation enables him to command. We may further add that Mr. JAMES WILL WRITE EXCLUSIVELY FOR THE POST.

In addition to "THE CAVALIER," we have already secured

THREE STORIES from MARY HOWITT

a lady whose name and literary abilities are probably known wherever the English language is spoken.

We may further state that GRACE GREENWOOD, the popular American authoress, will contribute regularly to our columns. A Series of Articles from her brilliant and graceful pen has been arranged for, to be entitled

CITY SIGHTS AND THOUGHTS;

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

In this Series, which will probably run through the whole year, our readers may anticipate a literary treat of no common character.

A NOVELET, BY T. S. ARTHUR;

our readers' and the public's old and approved friend, has also been engaged to add to the treasures of the New Year. Our admirable weekly

LETTERS FROM PARIS,

which have been so well received by our readers, will also be continued.

In addition to the names of G. P. R. JAMES, MARY HOWITT, GRACE GREENWOOD, and T. S. ARTHUR, we may mention MRS. M. A. DENISON, MISS EMMA ALICE BROWNE, "FLORENCE PERCY," MISS MARTHA RUSSELL, and the Author of *MY LAST CRUISE*, as among the *regular* contributors to THE POST. The productions of many other writers, of course, will at intervals grace and adorn our columns; and

CHOICE SELECTIONS

of all kinds, from the BEST FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC SOURCES, shall continue to be, as heretofore, a leading feature of our paper. The Stories, Essays, Sketches, Agricultural and Scientific Facts, &c., &c., obtained in this way for the readers of THE POST, are among the most instructive as well as interesting portion of its contents. THE VERY CREAM of the PERIODICAL LITERATURE OF THE BRITISH ISLES being thus given to our readers.

While THE POST thus presents Literary attractions of the very highest order—designed for a more intelligent class of readers than those who take delight in the "blood and murder" and "sawdust" literature of the "flash weeklies"—it does not neglect those departments that the Family Circle equally requires. It publishes weekly

AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES—the NEWS, FOREIGN, DOMESTIC and CONGRESSIONAL—Receipts useful to the Housekeeper and the Farmer; many of them worth more than the cost of a year's subscription—Riddles and Problems—The Markets—Bank Note List, &c., &c., &c.

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☞ TO EDITORS.—Editors who give the above one insertion, or condense the material portions of it for their *editorial* columns, shall be *entitled* to an exchange, by sending us a marked copy of the paper containing the advertisement or notice.

☞ When Rothschild was asked whether he would not like to become a temporal King of the Jews in Palestine—"Oh, no," said he, "I would rather be *Jew* of the *Kings* than *King* of the *Jews*."

☞ A pointed and severe thing was uttered by Professor Porson, a short time before his death. Being in a mixed company, among which were many eminent literary characters, and particularly Mr. S———y, the poet, who had a high opinion of his own talents, the conversation turned upon some of his own productions, when, as usual, he began to extol their merits. "I will tell, you, sir," said Mr. Porson, "what I think of your poetical works—they will be read when Shakespeare's and Milton's *are forgotten*.

He that hath light within his own clear breast
May sit i' the centre and enjoy bright day;
But he that hides a dark soul and foul thoughts,
Benighted walks under the mid-day sun.
—*Milton.*

☞ Although one Swallow will not make a Summer, still, a pin maliciously inserted in a chair will make one Spring.—*Spirit of the Times.*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOVEMB'R 6, 1858.

All the Contents of THE POST are set up Expressly for it, and it alone. It is not a mere Reprint of a Daily Paper.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of THE POST are $2 a year, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. ☞ The *first year's* subscription must always be paid *in advance*. For $5, IN ADVANCE, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low Terms to Clubs:—

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ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will supply back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club end at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount. Address DEACON & PETERSON,

No. 132 South Third Street, Philada phia.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

C. In answer to you, we would say that THE POST is a Literary and News paper, and takes no part in upholding either sectarian or party views.

Respectfully declined:—"What Twilight Is," etc.; and "Musings by the Brook's Side."

A FARMER'S WIFE writes to ask the particulars of a knitting-machine invented by some one in Seneca, New York. If the inventor would advertise his invention, we and the public generally would know something about it, and all concerned would profit by the knowledge.

TO CHANCE READERS.

We call the attention of chance readers of THE POST to our Prospectus for Next Year in another column. They will see by reading it, we think, that they cannot do better than enroll themselves upon the long list of our subscribers. The $1,680 story, by the distinguished author, MR. G. P. R. JAMES, will be of itself worth the price of the paper to club subscribers—Mr. James's last novel, LORD MONTAGU'S PAGE, is now selling in book form for $1,25. And then, besides, we design furnishing THREE STORIES from MARY HOWITT, a Series of BRILLIANT ARTICLES from GRACE GREENWOOD, a NOVELET by T. S. ARTHUR, &c., &c., &c. Add to these our MISCELLANEOUS and AGRICULTURAL Articles, the SELECTIONS from FOREIGN SOURCES, the FOREIGN and DOMESTIC NEWS, THE MARKETS, &c., &c., and our subscribers will have about TEN times the worth of their money. But see Prospectus.

BEGIN AT ONCE!—To those who design making up Clubs for THE POST, we would say emphatically, BEGIN AT ONCE. Even if you do not wish your subscriptions to commence before the first of January, do not neglect to make up your Clubs AT ONCE! Do not wait until the field is reaped before you commence—but take the harvest at its opening. By so doing you will save yourselves labor, and greatly benefit us. Let our old friends especially, who have stood by THE POST through so many summers and winters, fail not to BEGIN AT ONCE!—and we will show our contemporaries of the press that "some things can be done"—not only "as well"—but a little *better* than others.

As we expect to receive a large accession to our list at the opening of the year, when we design commencing Mr. James's novelet of "THE CAVALIER," we would be obliged if those making up clubs to begin at that time, would send them on as early as possible, in order that we may so regulate our edition that none may fail in getting their papers without vexatious delays. When the bulk of a club is made up, the names obtained can be sent on, and the remainder forwarded afterwards, when they will be added on our books.

ROYAL COURTESY.

When Queen Victoria went to Leeds she stopped at the Mayor's house, but refused even to see the lady Mayoress, though the poor husband spent about $50,000 to entertain his royal guest properly. The Mayor himself had commenced his dinner with a neighbor, when he was commanded to dine with the Queen; but *the lady was not admitted to her own house to sit at her own table.* The newspapers made some talk about the matter, so the Queen sent the aggrieved lady a handsome bracelet, which quite settled the difficulty—the Mayoress immediately pocketing the affront and accepting the present with becoming meekness.

The Mayor of Leeds should have shown the Queen that every Englishman was master of his own house, by bringing his lady as a matter of course to the table, and allowing her Majesty to take offence and "vamose the ranche" if she thought proper. Surely there have been many Englishmen who would have done "that same" unless we are greatly mistaken in the English character.—The Mayor acted like a born "flunkey"—and the Queen by no means like that courteous, high-bred lady she has always been represented to be. What, visit a man's house, and refuse to sit at table with the hostess! could anything be more insulting! That an established "royal etiquette" did not require such an offence to gentle breeding, seems to be proven by the fact that the English newspapers made a "talk about the matter." One of the London journals recently commented pretty freely upon President Buchanan's washing his face and hands, when travelling, in the common wash-room of a tavern—the truth probably being that the President did it as a matter of course, like any other hasty traveller. But this recent behaviour of the Queen's, unless it can be viewed in some light that does not now appear to us, seems the very height of discourtesy. Why, if an angel from heaven—aye, even the Archangel Gabriel—should visit the humblest man in England, he would not send either host or hostess from the table. But,

"Proud man, dressed in a little brief authority,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven,
As makes the angels weep."

FARM LIFE IN NEW ENGLAND.—This article has created quite a sensation in New England, as we see by our exchanges. The judgment of the agricultural community of that section is generally against it, as presenting a very unfair picture of their farm life. That there are two sides to the question is very evident. For instance, the editor of the *News* department of the *New England Farmer* leans to one side, while the editor of the *Agricultural* department of the same paper leans very decidedly to the other. The former says of the article, that it has been very extensively copied by the press of New England, and comparatively few have taken exception to its general scope. He adds:

No one pretends that the odorous kitchen which the *Atlantic* writer so graphically describes, is a fair specimen of an average New England farm-house. We regard it merely as a somewhat bold and highly-colored description *of one type* of farm life—an extreme case, illustrative of a certain phase of rural life which unhappily prevails to a considerable extent, even in New England. There may be no kitchen in this region that will precisely answer to the description, but we fear it would be easy to find thousands of instances where "the farmer's life and the farmer's home are unloved and unlovable things." Our manner of domestic life, both in city and country, is as yet far from perfect, and he who honestly and fearlessly points out our errors and shortcomings, and shows us a better way, does us more real good than he can do by writing fifty sublimated panegyrics upon rural perfection or city refinement. We can forgive him, even if he should paint our faults a shade or two darker than the truth would warrant—an indiscretion by no means uncommon to reformers.

The *Agricultural* editor says, however—and both articles are in the same number of the paper, which is a very good one, by the way:

That article has excited a just indignation in the breasts of thousands of our people, of both sexes, as a gross libel upon their customs, habits and lives. From the vividness of the portraiture, it strikes us that the writer describes a reality—the reality of the home of his youth—one of the ugly exceptions to the general rule. * * * * * We have mingled quite freely with the farmers of New England, around their own firesides, now for more than thirteen consecutive years, and we have not met with a single instance that would justify the charges in the *Atlantic Monthly*.

Thus it will be seen that even New Englanders differ as to the truthfulness of this picture of their Farm Life. We supposed from the first that it was a little highly colored, but then a little high coloring is often necessary, if you would have a subject attract attention; and an author generally commits this offence involuntarily. The natural result of long-looking upon any thing, is a little distortion of it—and sometimes it is necessary to shoot above a mark to hit it. We *guess* that New England will not be seriously injured by any misrepresentations in the article referred to—and, if there should be anything capable of *being bettered in her farm* life, perhaps it will be the sooner done. Wise men, taking a lesson from the bees, should extract honey even from poisoned flowers of rhetoric.

DEMORALIZATION OF THE NEW YORK PRESS.—Harper's "Weekly and *Journal of Civilization*," gives nearly three columns of small type to the late brutal Prize Fight. The following slang is a sample of the kind of "Civilization" that Harper's is spreading:—

Both prompt to the call of time; although both with "*bellows to mend.*" Morrissey forced the fighting, and got home his left on the face, following it up with his right on the ribs.—Heenan countered, but was *beautifully* stopped twice in succession. He would not be denied, however, and cross-countered heavily on the eye and nose, but received a terrific left-hander over the region of the heart; and, as he came to close quarters, Morrissey administered a severe upper-cut, which caused a fresh supply of *the ruby to distil from the nose!*

Pretty reading that for the young masters and misses who peruse Harper's. If any of the former should cherish a keen desire to attend the next prize fight, and be found using similar slang in their conversation, it will not be very wonderful.

Another of the New York picture papers, a kind of rival to Harper's, gets ahead of the "*Journal of Civilization*," by giving a picture of the fight—and loudly boasts that it was the only paper that had its *artists* on the ground. A pretty place for "artists" that!

The *Tribune's* six column report of the fight is complimented as follows by an "intelligent eye witness," who writes for Porter's "*Spirit*," another New York paper:—

The only fair and tolerably good account of the whole proceedings, that I have seen, is contained in the *N. Y. Tribune*. As far as the rounds are concerned, this account is very nearly the thing. The account given in the *Clipper* is most glaringly inaccurate in its details of the rounds, and very ridiculous in some of the remarks at the close.

The *Tribune* must feel very proud of the above compliment. It will be noticed that the *Tribune's* report—prepared, no doubt, by "our own special reporter"—is declared even better than the *Clipper's*—the *Clipper* being heretofore the "acknowledged organ" of the pugilistic community. Probably the *Tribune* hereafter will occupy that enviable position.

In view of the above proofs of the demoralization of the New York press, are we unjust in saying that the patronage extended to that press by the country at large, is tending to bring down the morality of the entire community to a level with the deplorable condition of things in New York?

FRANKLIN'S GRAVE.—As the question of who first suggested the substitution of an open iron railing in place of the brick wall which hid Franklin's grave from the street, is mooted in the *Evening Journal*, we may put in our claim—THE POST having suggested it a year or two ago. It is a matter of very little consequence, however.

We wonder that an inscription calling the attention of strangers to the grave, was not placed upon the railing, but suppose "some one has bungled" the matter, as usual.

MODERN JERUSALEM.—A glowing account of modern Jerusalem, and of the wonderful agricultural doings of an Englishman named Goldsmith, which is going the rounds of the press, is said to be all bosh. A Scottish correspondent of the *Tribune*, who signs himself "J. W. Love, Lecturer on the Holy Land," says:

If the statements made by the "French gentleman" are correct, what wonderful alterations and improvements have been effected in the valley referred to since I was there, about four years ago! No Goldsmith had them taken up his abode there. Neither "patent reaping machine" nor "American mowing machine" was to be seen; nor was there "a brick-built cottage;" there was not even a "tile" either "red" or "green;" not to speak of the "small square of porcelain," the "bright brass knob," the "bell," and the still greater anomaly in a country of which *Arabic* is the language, the superscription in *English* "ring the bell!" What wondrous transformations then the last Olympiad must have wrought!

* * * * * *

We need not say that neither *potatoes* nor *peaches* grow so fast, even in the warm climate and fertile soil of Palestine, under "the Yorkshire" or any other "system of drainage." We should think that a *greater supply of water* would be more advantageous than *drainage*, and Solomon acted more wisely when he "made pools of water to water therewith the wood that bringeth forth trees." (Eccles, ii. 6.) "In the days of his flesh," Solomon inquired, "what can the man do that cometh after the King!" We have at length been told what two men can do that have come after the King," though at a very respectable distance. One of them can grow "seven crops of potatoes" in a twelvemonth; and the other, by "putting a peach stone into the ground in *August*," can raise a crop of peaches "in the *same year!*" Were the wise King apprised of these things, the idea conveyed by "*tempora mutantur*," would certainly be vividly brought before his mental vision, and we presume he might feel inclined to change the answer he gave to his own question, seeing such very different things from "that which had been already done" are now said to be performed!

Verily, there seems to be a sort of romance connected with the East, and it is exceedingly difficult to get writers in general to speak the truth regarding it! *French* credulity seems particularly to signalize itself, *e. g.*, the discovery of the ruins of Sodom and Gomorrah by De Saulcy, a few years ago!

We hope the story alluded to was not set afloat by any friend of the society for promoting emigration to Palestine. More probably it was the work of a writer for some Parisian newspaper—that source from which so much startling and romantic information is conveyed to the world. The "Jessie Brown" of Lucknow story, our readers will remember, came bright and glowing from the French mint—a story in which, as is now universally admitted, there is not a particle of truth. In fact, the bag-pipes were not played at all by those who raised the siege of Lucknow. These French *canards*, however, are often capital reading as fiction, and probably there are some marks upon them in the original, which enable the French public to discriminate a little between what is told as honest fact and what as a mere "duck" story.

CHESS PLAYING.—What a pity that the great contest now going on in Europe between Paul Morphy and the noted chess players of the old world, should be deformed by the vice of gambling. *Morphy himself, as he states, plays* merely for honor—and puts up no stakes. But then he allows his friends to do it for him—and although we give him credit for his scorn of gambling in his own person, we cannot hold him excusable for being made an instrument of unlawful gain in the hands of others. An extraordinary thing surely, that the great champions of Chess cannot play for the mere glory of the victory, but must have a greedy eye for the spoils of the adversary's camp. They set an example which, if generally followed, would greatly lessen the high reputation of Chess as a noble game. But we infer, from this gambling propensity of the best players, that a man may be a wonderful Chess champion, and yet something of a blackleg too.

SKIES BRIGHTENING.—That the business affairs of the country will soon begin to mend *rapidly*, we have little doubt. Already the effect of the large accumulation of capital in this country and in England, is beginning to tell in a very marked manner upon stocks—and capital must soon begin to flow rapidly into all other channels. For those who have the money to invest, now is the time to buy lands, houses, almost anything. In one year from this time, it seems to us, the advance of prices will be large and almost universal. We do not profess to be a Prophet or the son of a Prophet, but how can it be otherwise? Such hoards of heaped-up treasure are bound to overflow at last—and capitalists are about tired of the do-nothing, risk-nothing, make-nothing policy. Ye that have money to invest, invest it now.

THE COPYRIGHT QUESTION.—The Literary and Artistic Congress assembled at Brussels, has rejected, by a large majority, the principle of perpetual copyright in works of literature and art.

Of course, in giving up "the principle of perpetual copyright," they also give up the untenable idea that a writer has the same right to his production that the maker of a material thing has to the article made. In other words, they admit that there cannot be any natural right of property in ideas—but that the right of authors and inventors to copyright and patents, is an artificial right, founded in justice, and subject to extension or limitation as the just claims of all parties require.

THANKSGIVING.—Gov. Packer, of this State, has appointed the eighteenth day of November next as "a day of general Thanksgiving and Prayer."

☞ We call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of the GIRARD LIFE INSURANCE and TRUST COMPANY.

BETTER trust all and be deceived,
And weep that trust and that deceiving,
Than doubt one heart, that if believed,
Had blest one's life with true believing.

Oh, in this mocking world too fast
The doubting fiend o'ertakes our youth;
Better be cheated to the last,
Than lose the blessed hope of truth.
—*Fanny Kemble.*

☞ WOMAN'S CONSTANT TORMENT.—Dust.—MAN'S GREATEST PLAGUE.—A woman continually brushing up the same.—*Punch.*

New Publications.

A VINDICATION OF THE SCHEME OF REDEMPTION CONTAINED IN HIS DISCOURSES OR PROPHECY, by JOHN G. WILSON, (published by the author, 1410 Hanover Street, Kensington, Philada.,) is, as the title implies, an appendix to a former work, noticed at length in these columns, and is substantially a reply to an adverse criticism on that work, by the editor of the *New York Theological and Literary Journal*. Without entering upon the discussion of the Rev. Mr. Wilson's Scriptural exegesis, we may say that his mind is honest and able, that his opinions are advanced with modesty, simplicity and decision, and that his work is worthy the attention of all thinkers on the biblical prophecies.

MILCH COWS AND DAIRY FARMING (J. B. Lippincott & Co., Phila.,) is a work by Charles L. Flint, Secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Agriculture, which embodies the most recent information on the dairy, the breeds, breeding and management of stock, the culture of forage, the production of butter, milk and cheese, and other matters connected with the subject, together with an account of the way they manage these things in Holland, and a summary of Horsfall's system, by which as much and as good butter can be made in winter as in summer. The work is adapted to operations in the United States and British Provinces, and is, we should judge, of great practical value to the dairy farmer.

STAND UP FOR JESUS (T. H. Stockton, 1400 Chestnut street, Phila.,) is the title of a thin volume, containing a religious ballad founded on the dying words of the late Rev. Mr. Tyng, with other religious poems of more than ordinary poetic merit. The ballad is set to music, is accompanied with biblical, liturgical, and personal notes, and is handsomely illustrated. Price: Paper, 40 cents; Cloth, 50 cents; Cloth, gilt, 63 cents. Sent by mail for stamps, postpaid.

ISABELLA ORSINI, by F. D. GUERAZZI, (Rudd & Carleton, New York,) a historical novel of the fifteenth century, certainly cannot be considered milk for babes. It is a regular high-pressure, blood and mud, Italian story, by an author who with probably more literary culture than either, is the George Lippard or G. W. M. Reynolds of Italy. No one will deny the novel power, but it is thick and slab with horror, and cannot be considered wholesome reading.

THE FOUNDATION OF FAITH, by ALBERT BARNES, (Parry & McMillan, Philadelphia,) the latest volume of this well-known divine, does not enter upon a discussion of the value of the actual evidences of revelation, but prepares the way by a series of suggestions and inquiries for a proper appreciation of those evidences.

BLONDE AND BRUNETTE (D. Appleton & Co., New York,) is a good-natured, frivolous, fantastic novel, full of eccentricity, and written, one might fancy, by some hare-brained young Irishman.

THE WIFE'S TRIALS, by MISS PARDOE, (T. B. Peterson, Philada.,) is a well-known and interesting novel.

LETTER FROM GRACE GREENWOOD.

DOWAGIAC, Michigan, Oct. 21st, 1858.

Mr. Editor of the Saturday Evening Post:

Still here—almost as much to one surprise as it can be to yours. At present we are completely weather-bound—a wild, desolating, drenching storm having been raging for several days, and I not feeling yet strong enough to brave it, we "stand by," as "Ed'ard Cuttle" would say. For some little time before this great storm came on, we delayed our departure, in order not to miss the visit of a brother, whom I had not seen for several years. He came on Friday morning of last week, and to celebrate the happy event, we all, brothers and sisters six, treated ourselves to an excursion to Kalamazoo, to witness an exhibition of the trotting powers of the celebrated Flora Temple. There had been a fine Horse Fair at that place, during the week, and as the crowning show, the Committee had secured this great attraction, for a consideration of six hundred dollars.

A special day had been set apart for this exhibition—and a more beautiful day could not have been desired. We had had lowering and discouraging weather for some time, and this bright, balmy, Indian-summer morning filled us with new energy and hope—thrilled heart and frame with a fine, elastic joy of life—half physical, half spiritual.

What wonderful beauty shone in the woods along our way—in their gorgeous foliage, dying like the dolphin, in splendor indescribable.

Royally magnificent were the Sumachs and Oaks, crimson and scarlet and bronze, and the golden Maple and Beech,—but here and there, along the road through the swamps, there was a melancholy sprinkling of black Ashes,—trees that early *leave* off their summer dress, and stand bare and dark and sombre as death,—like prophets of evil among their fellows, gaily attired, but doomed.

As we neared Kalamazoo, I was impressed not alone by the natural beauty of the country, but by the neatness and tastefulness of the cultivation. Some of the farms reminded me of the best portions of New England, and many of the farm-houses evidenced admirable ideas of home-comfort.

When we reached the centre of the town, we found streets and side-walks thronged by a great crowd, composed of all classes of citizens and country people, fused together as it were, by one common interest and excitement. An electric bond of sympathy, equal and equine, united the most dissimilar, reconciled moral differences, and abolished educational distances. On every side we saw horses, or horse-fanciers—on every side we heard horse-talk and horse-laughter. Even the ladies on the walks, at the windows, and in the carriages, and smiling maidens and portly matrons in country wagons, seemed full of the pleasant, unwonted excitement.

Having arrived early, we walked out to the Fair-Ground, a distance of nearly a mile. I had often heard of the beauty of Kalamazoo, but I found that I had received no adequate idea of it. This walk, and a more extended stroll on our return, gave us a fine view of the town. It lies in a peculiar basin of land, partly surrounded by a low range of hills, whose slopes furnish charming building-sites, many of which are occupied by elegant residences and ornamental cottages, with fine gardens and lovely green lawns. The place is admirably laid out; the streets are wide and straight—there is a very handsome public square, containing an Indian mound, sacredly preserved, and the building lots are mostly large enough to afford ample *yards and gardens. Order and neatness every-*where prevail. The streets are smoothly gravelled and singularly clean—the buildings are uniformly tasteful, though few are in an ambitious style of architecture.

But the crowning glory of the place—its rare distinction among Western towns, is its trees. No city or village in New England is richer in shade. Multitudes of the old forest trees are yet standing—"may their shadow never be less!"—multitudes of young trees have been planted and are tenderly cared for. In every direction you see them—beautiful, bounteous and magnificent—every street in the sweet summer time, is a long, cool archway of green branches, and in autumn, a splendid vista of crimson and gold.

A gentleman who has been residing for a year or two past in Kalamazoo, told me that the early settlers, of blessed memory, whenever they sold a portion of their land, made an express stipulation that no trees should be felled, except when their removal should be found absolutely necessary, to make space for buildings. My friend added that when, as it occasionally happens, a fine tree has to fall before the inexorable march of improvement, a little crowd is sure to collect around the owner, inquiring, regretting, expostulating, and striving to beg off their old friend.

The necessary sacrifice of a noble and well-known tree, *is regretted as a public loss*—its needless destruction would be resented as a public wrong. This is the right spirit, and while it is cherished, Kalamazoo will remain what it now is, one of the most beautiful and healthful of all Western towns.

When we reached the Fair-Ground, and while we were waiting our turn to enter, I was a good deal amused by the vociferous but vain efforts of a showman, who stood at the door of a tent, announcing that within were to be seen "*two hundred feet of the wonderful, world-renowned Atlantic cable!*" The poor fellow labored with forty-electrician power, but the telegraph wire, true "chip of the old block," wouldn't work. It may be that the charge was too strong—it may be that the near neighborhood of the great magnet, Flora Temple, interfered with its action—certain it is that neither that immortal coil, nor another rare and remarkable object contained in the next tent, seemed very attractive. That other object was declared to be—"*A wild Hungarian Wolf, captured by Kossuth.*" The mighty Magyar Chief was represented in an exciting transparency, in the act of subduing the "cantankerous varmint." Pity it hadn't been the Russian Bear.

The Fair-Ground is a large, level plain, with pleasant surroundings, and contains a mile-course. A portion of the track is new, and *turf-wise people said that this would be a decided disadvantage to M'lle Flora.*

For the half hour preceding the trotting-match, we were well amused watching the driving on the course. Nearly all the best horses exhibited on the previous Fair days, had been withdrawn, yet we saw a very creditable display of Michigan horse-flesh.

At length, an excited movement in the crowd, and a speedy clearing of the course, announced that Flora Temple and her competitor, Prince, had entered the grounds. They were driven around once or twice, moderately, as though to try the track, and as they paused for awhile in front of our stand, I had a near view of the famous trotter. Like many other great personages, she is small in stature; she is not remarkably beautiful, when at rest, but you can see at a glance, that she is wonderfully made for lightness and swiftness. There is clearly not an ounce of flesh to spare, and yet, so delicate is her frame, she looks in perfect condition. Her neck is straight and slender, her head small, her eyes are large, lustrous, intelligent and human-like. She is a marvellous creature—all fire and steel—a surpassing specimen of Nature's mechanism—a bundle of exquisite fibres and tissues, the refined essence of animal strength and spirit. Her competitor, Prince, is a fine animal, and a fast, but on this occasion, was of course, merely a foil.

At last the signal was given, and away they flew!—there is no other word for it—flew like birds, or arrows, or telegraphic despatches (not submarine), or bad news—on, and on, and on! I lost my breath in watching them, or rather *her*, for his Highness was soon left in the rear. She came along gloriously, "devouring the distance," as some old poet has it—making one almost dizzy with her fleetness. She is beautiful in action, and as she flashed by, she seemed to me to embody all the graces and fiery energies of her race.

She accomplished the first heat in 2.32½, without the slightest urging. The second heat was more exciting than the first. It was made in 2.29—wonderful time, even for Flora Temple, considering the inevitable imperfections of a new track. Of course, Prince was distanced, and more. He came in reeking with the sweat of his terrible, unequal struggle—but Flora Temple seemed still fresh and full of vigor and spirit. Scarce a hair was dampened—you could see that the veins of her neck were slightly distended, and that her nostrils flared a little—but that was all.

The enthusiasm of the crowd knew no bounds. The wonder and admiration of the ladies upon the stand on which my sister and I sat, became at the last quite wild and interjectional. I thought that a universal satisfaction prevailed here at the result—a glorious triumph of femininity over masculinity, till I heard a kindly looking old lady exclaim—

"Oh, dear, I am sorry to see one of the horses beaten! I should like it a good deal better if they could both come out alike."

She will never be liable, like poor Lady Lovelace, Ada Byron—to lose twenty thousand pounds through her passion for the turf—this worthy old dame.

Deafening, long and reiterated was the applause when the result was officially announced; and when, at length, the incomparable

Flora Temple left the scene of her triumphs, way was with difficulty made for her through the frantic crowd of her adorers.

We waited on the ground for some time, to witness a "scrub-race" which was announced to come off speedily. But hearing at last that the event was doubtful, for the reason that the "money" proverbially required to "make the mare go" was not forthcoming on one side, we left in dignified disgust, together with the majority of that great multitude. Carriages, equestrians and pedestrians poured through the gates—the outside over-lookers vanished from the hill-slopes, or came out of limbo in bending tree-tops, and possibly the "Atlantic Cable" and the "Wild Hungarian Wolf," came in for their share of public appreciation and patronage.

We have since heard that the "scrub-race" really came off, after a delay of some hours, and that it was sorely regretted by more than the losing party. One of the horses bolted and knocked a bystander senseless. It was a happy thing, perhaps, that we did not remain. Any one of us, the ladies of course excepted, might have been that man.

Altogether, the exhibition appeared to us remarkably well conducted and orderly. It had fewer of those noisy nuisances, side-shows, than any great Fair I ever attended, and I saw no drinking saloons in the neighborhood.

I remember that at the Ohio State Fair, at Cleveland, some two years ago, the entrance way was flanked for several squares with temporary eating and lager beer saloons, and the tents of travelling monstrosities and Ethiopian minstrels. Among the most attractive shows seemed to be the "Rattlesnake Charmer," a young woman who played with that amiable reptile, in full possession of his fangs and venom; "Tom Thumb," presumptuously styling himself the "General," but in reality the *Major*, a specimen of the larger variety of dwarf; the "Skeleton Man," a humble successor of Calvin Edson, and the horse-dromedary, a miserable result of disease or ill-treatment.

We kept very clear of these shows during the Fair, but the night after, on going on board the Detroit steamer, I found, somewhat to my dismay, that they were all fellow-passengers. The horse dromedary stood on the forward deck, a wretched beast, with a disconsolate, doleful droop of the head and tail, casting now and then a sullen look at the by-standers, for beholding his hump free of charge. In the cabin were the human sights, sitting by themselves in melancholy state. During the evening the master of the steamer, a kindly, cheery, Captain Cuttle-ish man, and a good friend of ours, proposed that I should make the acquaintance of the "Rattlesnake Charmer." I shrank back involuntarily. "Don't be afraid," he said, "she don't carry them about her," and drew me to her side. She was really a pretty girl, bright-eyed and blooming as the heroine of Hawthorne's story, the Italian Doctor's daughter, who lived and thrived in a garden of poisonous flowers. I was somewhat abashed, and not knowing what else to say, blurted out a leading question—

"Are you never afraid of your snakes?"

She was not a Lamia after all, but human and truthful, for she answered promptly—

"Sometimes I am—very much afraid of them."

"Then, why do you risk your life in exhibiting them?" I asked.

"Because I *must*," was her sad and conclusive response. Just then she rose hastily and went into her state-room. I fancied she had heard her little charges rattling for her.

My friend then called my attention to an absurd little figure, seated on the sofa, wearing a cloak, a low-crowned, broad-brimmed hat, and sucking the ivory head of a diminutive cane.

"This is General Tom Thumb!" The General lifted his beaver, displaying a queer, painful, fat, and colorless face—a strange mingling of an old man's and a baby's, looking at the same time withered and unripe. He smiled condescendingly—a sickly, woful smile, but did not speak. He slid from the sofa to his feet, and seemed to draw himself down, and in every way to shrink into the smallest possible compass under our inspection. Yet, after all, he was too large for a wonder of littleness, and he lacked the *P. T. B.* brand—the *Phineas fecit* of the great master of mermaids, monsters and mannikins. I could fancy the Simon Pure little General looking up to him with infinite disdain.

My amateur showman next pointed to a tall bundle in a corner of the sofa, saying—

"That is the famous 'Skeleton-man.' You can't really see him now, as he has got on three coats, several pair of pantaloons, and half a dozen waistcoats."

"Indeed!—does he feel the cold so severely?" I asked, innocently.

"Why, no,—but, you see, he must disguise himself in travelling—he can't afford to exhibit himself for nothing, poor as he is."

"Ah, I understand," I replied, and would have withdrawn, but my friend being himself of goodly proportions and rubicund countenance, seemed to feel a horrible attraction toward the leanness and ruefulness of the stranger, and insisted on a further investigation of the phenomenon.

"Just feel his arm through all these things," he said, and as I drew back, added, in an encouraging, audible whisper—"Don't mind his feelings—he is used to it, he has been handled by thousands."

"Yes, ma'am," said the affable "'natomy," "take hold as hard as you like, there ain't flesh enough to feel hurt."

I could not refuse this courteous invitation, and made a desperate grasp at the extended member. It felt like a small lightning-rod, and I recoiled as though it had given me a slight shock. Wishing to say something consoling, and, if possible, complimentary to the poor man, who, in all seasons, was compelled to carry out Sydney Smith's midsummer fancy of "laying aside his flesh and sitting in his bones," I remarked—

"Your face, sir, doesn't look very much emaciated."

"Why, no, ma'am," he replied, in an eager, deprecating tone, "my face don't do me justice; you should see my legs—in tights, ma'am."

But to return to the Fair-Ground at Kalamazoo. Though no human monsters were advertised among the side-shows, something of the kind was thrust upon our attention, in a sufficiently revolting manner. A rough, loud, shock-headed individual, appeared before our stand, leading a clumsy dwarf by the hand, and shouting—"Ladies and gentlemen! this is Mr. Morse, thirty-nine years old, and weighs a hundred and fifteen pounds. Look at him—he's a sight, I tell you."

The object to which he called attention was a heavy-bearded, big-headed, broad-shouldered man, whose ludicrous lowness of stature seemed mainly owing to the elliptical conformation of his legs. I had a fancy that if they could but be unbowed, he would shoot up at once into a vigorous and athletic manhood. The crowd seemed immensely amused by his odd appearance, and he seemed in no way disconcerted by their rude questions, jokes, and shouts of laughter. Some one called out to his exhibitor—"Here you, show off his paces—we want to see him run." "I don't know about that," was the answer, "he's pretty tired, for I've been hauling him about all day long. *Can* you run a little, just to please the ladies, Mr. Morse?" Mr. Morse nodded and grinned a gallant assent, and they started off—the most horrible "scrub-race" imaginable.

This was the only unpleasant occurrence we witnessed. I saw no drunkenness, heard no offensive language.

We spent an hour or two at the hotel, with some friends, very delightfully, and returned to my brother's in the evening, well satisfied with our day's recreation.

Adieu, GRACE GREENWOOD.

EXTRAORDINARY SCENE IN A LONDON COURT.—The English papers by the Persia contain an account of a curious scene which took place at the Guildhall Police Court, in London, on the 15th ult. Alderman Solomons was presiding. A Lieut. Higgenson, of the Royal Navy, appeared and demanded a "summons" against the Atlantic Telegraph Company. He stated that by Act of Parliament joint stock companies were obliged to make out a list of the names, addresses and occupations of all their stockholders annually, and that the Atlantic Telegraph Company had neglected or refused to do so. The applicant further stated that he had invested £1,000 in the Atlantic Telegraph enterprise, out of which the Company had swindled him, and that they had also suppressed a book written by him, entitled "The Ocean—Its Unfathomable Depths and Natural Phenomena." Alderman Solomons said he could not listen to any language reflecting upon a Company composed of such men as Baring, Rothschild, Morrison, &c., and suggested that Lieut. Higgenson appear with his application in Court the next day, when some one would be present to answer for the Company. The Lieutenant became quite abusive in his language, and was, by order of the Court, forcibly removed.

On the next day, Lieut. Higgenson re-appeared, accompanied by a friend. On the part of the Atlantic Telegraph Company, Mr. Newman, Solicitor, appeared. Lieut. Higgenson again stated his case. Mr. Newman contended that the Company was organized under a special Act of Parliament, and were not obliged to conform to the provisions of the general Act. Hereupon Higgenson grew very excited. He said that he was able to prove that no cable had ever been laid between Valentia and Newfoundland, and that no telegraphic communication had ever passed between the two countries. He charged, with great violence of language, that the Company was a swindling concern. The Court would not allow him to proceed, and he accordingly left the room, protesting against the violation of his rights as an Englishman. During the whole of the scene, the court room was crowded almost to suffocation, and the greatest excitement prevailed.

ARMING A BURGLAR TO HAVE A SPARE BED.—The other day, in the neighborhood of Stroud, in Gloucestershire, a very respectably-dressed man called on the wife of a wealthy cheesemonger in the neighborhood, a leading man among the Quakers, particularly wanting to see him. His wife being uncertain when her husband would return, asked the stranger to take some refreshment, and it being late in the evening, and the husband not returning, even proffered a spare bed, which was readily accepted. There were three female servants in the house, one of whom had a misgiving about this mysterious stranger, not liking his looks; she managed to secrete herself, after all had gone to bed, in a side parlor. In the middle of the night the stranger came down stairs, put on his boots, which he had taken off in the hall, leaving a carpet-bag on the hall chair, opened the door, and gave a loud whistle. The girl, with great presence of mind, immediately bolted the door, and, seeing every fastening safe, proceeded to examine the contents of the carpet-bag, which was found to contain a revolver pistol, daggers, and every appliance used by experienced burglars. Of course the respectable stranger did not make his reappearance.—*English Paper.*

POLISHED STEEL FRIGATES FOR FRANCE.—An order has been given by the French Government for six new screw frigates of 900 horse power each, two to be built at Rochefort, two at L'Orient, and two at some other port, each to be *blinche* or *cuirasse*, as the term now goes, with plates of polished steel, each weighing 22 cwt., 5 feet in length, 2½ feet in breadth, at a cost of £57 each plate. The plates are to be inserted between the planks of every part of the frigates above high water mark, and will render them impervious to shot and shell. Steel shot have been fired at the plates from short and long ranges, in the Polygon and Vincennes, without injuring them. The French Government, however, is compelled to come to an English iron-master, Mr. Howard, to furnish the plates. The samples are 1 metre 70 centimetres in length, 75 centimetres broad, 10 centimetres thick; each will weigh 1,248 kilogrammes, and will cost 420f; and as the entire vessel above water-mark will be covered with these stupendous shields, the cost will be prodigious.

FABRICATION OF PRECIOUS STONES.—One of the most curious sights in Paris is said to be afforded by a visit to the vast work-shops of M. Bourguignon, where the whole process of transforming a few grains of dirty, heavy looking sand into a diamond of the purest water, is daily going on, with the avowed purpose of deceiving everybody but the buyer. The coloring matter for imitating emeralds, rubies, and sapphires is entirely mineral, and has been brought to high perfection by M. Bourguignon. Many operators are employed, whose business it is to polish the colored stones and line the false pearls with fish-scales and wax; the scales of the roach and dace are chiefly employed for this purpose. They must be stripped from the fish wile living, or the glistening hue, so much admired in the real pearl, cannot be imitated.

INTELLIGENCE had been received at San Francisco from Hakodadi, stating that an important treaty had been concluded with the Japanese Government by Mr. Harris, the U. S. Consul at Jeddo. A new port, lying some five miles from the port of Jeddo, is to be opened to the Americans. A son of Capt. Tatnal had left for Washington, via China, with the treaty. It was also stated that a Japanese Prince, with fourteen attendants, was to depart immediately for Washington, via California.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

BABEL IN DANGER—RESULTS OF STATISTICS—PHOTOGRAPHIC COLORS—SIGNS OF THE TIMES—WHAT NEXT?

Paris, October 14, 1858.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

The Emperor and Empress have visited the Camp of Châlons, their journey thither being graced with the triumphal arches, speeches of authorities, and the rest of the stereotyped incidents that mark Imperial movements here with so much regularity that they may be pretty safely calculated on beforehand; the comet has taken itself beyond the range of our observation; the vintage is over, and allowed to be excellent; and a "Society for the Creation of a Universal Language" has just been organized here, with branches, actual or prospective, in all the other "civilized" communities of our many-tongued planet. This Society has a President, and publishes a monthly magazine, devoted to the advocacy of its plans: which appear to be nothing less than the creation of a language, "on scientific principles," which they hope to get adopted by the world at large—a hope, by the way, which may well raise doubts of realization in ordinary minds, however desirable the possession of a unitary tongue may be.

The "confusion of tongues" in this lower world is really something astonishing. The number of languages spoken in our little planet amounts to 8,064; that is to say, this number has already been arrived at by experience, but we must suppose that the yet unknown regions of its surface will by-and-by swell this already formidable number. Of the tongues already known, 587 are spoken in Europe, 896 in Asia, 276 in Africa, and 1,264 in America. While our human speech differs so variously, we are little more *d'accord* as to our religious opinions, for no less than one thousand creeds are professed in different parts of the earth!

While "in the vein of statistics," let me add that recent researches show that, taking the earth's average surface, the number of men and women is about equal; a natural indication of the unnaturalness of Oriental and Mormon habits. One-fourth of the males die under the age of seven years; and half of them before attaining their seventeenth year. One in every thousand reaches one hundred years; six per cent. reach the age of sixty; and one person out of every five hundred attains the age of eighty.

Moreover, the earth has a milliard of inhabitants; of these, 333,333,333 die yearly; making a daily total of 91,334 deaths; or, in other words, 3,780 deaths per hour, 60 per minute, and 1 per second. The number of deaths is balanced by that of births, a child entering this sphere of human existence and development with every new moment of time.

Another point amply proved by statistics is, that married people live longer than single ones, and that sober and regular habits of life add greatly to length of days. It appears that women have a better chance of reaching fifty years than their brethren; but that men, if they reach this age, have a greater chance than women of attaining to the higher lustres.

A. M. Testud de Beauregard has just presented to the *French Photographic Society* photographs of blue-bells, hyacinths and other flowers, in which the tints of the originals are preserved very accurately, and by the simple action of the solar ray. This gentleman has also presented a description of the methods by which these effects have been obtained, a result all the more surprising that the proofs have been taken on paper. A committee has been named to test the methods in question; but these are very complicated, and the efforts of the experimenters appear to have led, hitherto, only to incomplete results. As it is by no means rare for photographers to fix, by chance, certain colors, which, however, fade to the ordinary neutral tint on exposure to the light, it is feared that M. de Beauregard may have failed to discover the exact process by which the colors have been produced in the proofs in question. M. Edmond Becquerel is the first whose researches have opened the way to the solution of the problem about which photographers are now so much interested, and which M. Niepce de St. Victor has proved to be practicable by the re-production of various highly-colored prints, with admirable fidelity of hue, by photography. Unfortunately, the colors, as before remarked, though perfect when first obtained, are evanescent, but it appears certain that the colored rays *can* be obtained by photography, and we therefore cannot doubt but that the researches of the ardent and scientific devotees of the art will result in the discovery of the right surface and methods for giving fixity to the colored rays. What a magnificent field would thus be opened to the photographer, the results of whose labor, even now, when limited to mere gradations of light and shade in the neutral tints, are often so exceedingly beautiful. Whether the fixing of colors by the sun be another of the pleasant dreams the world pursues so long without attaining, is yet to be seen: but the subject is sufficiently interesting to merit being mentioned here.

Winter is evidently coming! The swallows are gone, and the chestnut-venders are come; so we have now nothing to do but to lay in our stock of fuel, get out our winter clothing, and make up our minds to the inevitable infliction. On the night of the 7th, we had a pretty sharp, white frost; and winter seems to be setting in with unusual haste and vigor in the mountainous parts of Europe. Some parts of Switzerland are already blockaded with snow, which has fallen to a depth seldom seen before Christmas. Yet even now, while the rest of the trees are dropping their glories, one of the chestnut trees lately transported to the Place du Chatelet, has taken it into its youthful head to break out into blossom.

When one looks round in the world, where day and night, summer and winter, seed-time and harvest, succeed each other with such admirable regularity, one cannot but regard with amazement the rank spread of the many delusions, political, religious, mystical and other, that are turning the heads of so many of our fellow creatures, and seeming to show that the intellectual and moral world has its epidemics, its storms, and its peculiar troubles, as has that of nature. But this subject, with all the astonishing vagaries of which "spiritualism" and other cognate "developments" are giving such deplorable evidence, would lead me too far; let me now merely recount an amusing instance of human credulity and stupidity which is positively asserted to have just taken place, and which those who know anything of the characteristics of the French peasantry will have little difficulty in believing.

It seems, then, that a peasant, named Jeannet, living in a village near Largentiere, having saved a little money, determined to give himself the pleasure of possessing a donkey, a piece of ownership, to arrive at which, had long been the culminating point of his ambition. Accordingly, he went to two or three markets in the neighborhood, and carefully inspected all the specimens of the donkey tribe brought to those gatherings for sale. Having found a fine, handsome ass, with a hide much more lasting than is usual with the members of that ill-used race of carriers, Jeannet, after plenty of haggling on his own part and that of the owner of the handsome donkey, became its proprietor, and marched the sleek and docile quadruped in triumph to his cottage, where he installed his treasure in a little stable, freshly littered for its reception.

For some time after this acquisition, Jeannet was the happiest of mortals. The donkey was strong, obedient, gentle; and grew glossier than ever under the affectionate care lavished on it by its new owner. In the pride of his heart, Jeannet went to market several times, under pretence of selling half-a-dozen carrots, or buying a wisp of hay, but in reality to show off his donkey, and to gratify his self-satisfaction in being the owner of such a paragon, by drinking in the expressions of admiration and of envy called forth on all sides by the beauty of his beast.

Unfortunately for Jeannet, the markets are a *rendezvous* for all manner of folk; and the charms of the handsome donkey appeared to have created as profound an impression on the minds of some cunning rascals of the region as on those of the more honest part of the community. Certain it is, that no long time ago, the privacy of Jeannet's stable was surreptitiously invaded by a couple of the donkey's admirers, and the placid creature softly loosed from its halter and cautiously led forth into the court behind Jeannet's cottage, and thence into "the wide, wide world," by a road which did not bring the favorite any nearer to its lawful owner. One of the two thieves led forth the prize, carrying on his arm a suit of clothes with which he was not burdened when he had entered Jeannet's domains with his confederate, who, the night being warm, was not afraid to pass a few hours in the stable without those external integuments which have become a "second nature" to civilized humanity.

Next morning, with the first streak of dawn, Jeannet descended as usual to the stable, to delight his own eyes with the sight of his beast, and the eyes of the beast with the sight of its breakfast. Having opened the door, which was secured as usual by a wooden latch and peg, which the peasant had rightly considered to be proof against any possible attempt of the donkey's to run away, but whose efficiency against marauding hands he had unfortunately forgotten to calculate, Jeannet marched confidently into the stable, and beheld, instead of the handsome donkey, a naked human being, far less handsome in his eyes than the animal by whose halter he was fastened to the wall.

Poor Jeannet, petrified with amazement, stood stock still, gazing with distressful eyes at the unwelcome transformation, while the rogue in the halter, in a whining and lamentable voice thus addressed the crest-fallen peasant:—

"Dear master, do not be angry with me! You have been so good to me ever since the day you bought me at Lanbeau market, that I am sure you have a good heart, and will not be angry with me, for the loss of your money, when you have heard my history. Know then, dear master, that I committed a crime, a dreadful crime, one that I must not dare speak of, seven years ago; and that I was turned, in punishment of that dreadful crime, into an ass, in which form I was obliged to remain for seven years from that time. When you saw me at Lanbeau market, I knew I should not much longer retain the form under which you found me; but I could not speak, and therefore I could not warn you of the bad bargain you were making. Last night ended the seven years' punishment my crime had brought upon me; and as the cock crew this morning, I was restored to my natural form. Be merciful to me, dear master, forgive me the loss you have to suffer by the change, and the blessings of a grateful heart will follow you all the rest of my life!" Here the rogue clasped his hands beseechingly, and squeezed out a couple of tears that melted the peasant's heart completely. Not doubting the truth of this marvellous story, whose very marvellousness had gained for it a more ready credence from the superstitious peasant, the latter now loosed the rogue from the halter, brought him some old clothes from his own small store, gave him half his own breakfast, and dismissed him with the assurance of his forgiveness for the loss he had been the means of bringing upon him, and much honest counsel to lead a good life, and not get himself into so dreadful a pass again; counsel which the audacious rascal promised, with every appearance of contrition, to follow to the letter, though laughing in his sleeve at the simplicity of his victim, and having the greatest difficulty to keep from betraying himself by laughter of a less discreet character.

Poor Jeannet was very melancholy at the loss of his favorite; and fell into a mopishness which he could by no means get over. Every day he went sadly to the little stable, with a faint hope that he might find the handsome donkey once more in its old place. But every day this hope was disappointed.

At length, to amuse himself a little (for he would not have dreamed of risking his money, had he possessed any to risk, in the purchase of a second donkey,) Jeannet took to making a round of visits to the neighboring markets; and on one of these occasions beheld, to his great surprise, the identical donkey which had caused him so many diverse emotions. The handsome creature was as glossy and gentle as ever, recognized its kind-hearted master, and testified its satisfaction at the meeting by a gleeful bray, and a rub of its nose against his sleeve. But Jeannet, remembering how he had already lost his money and his peace, was not to be misled by these symptoms of affection. Going up to the donkey, and stooping cautiously till his mouth was close to the animal's ear, he whispered: "Ah, wretch! I see very well what has happened; *you're been at your old tricks again;* and instead of taking warning by the past, and leading an honest life for the future, as you promised me to do, you have fallen again into your old sin, and have brought upon yourself your old punishment. Well, you were warned beforehand; you knew what you had to expect, and your punishment serves you quite right. I am sorry for *you*; but you don't catch me *this* time, my fine fellow, I can tell you! And so good-bye to you!"

And in his virtuous indignation at the misdeeds of the supposed backslider, the peasant turned on his heel and left the market, quite cured of his affection for so wicked a creature, and fully determined to have nothing to do with any donkey for the rest of his days!

QUANTUM.

NEWS ITEMS.

THE Baltimore Patriot announces that George Peabody has generously added $200,000 to the Peabody Institute fund, for the erection of the noble edifice now going up in Baltimore. This, with the previous endowment on the part of Mr. P., makes more than half a million of dollars. It also learns that this gentleman is now in possession of a larger fortune than at any previous period of his life.

MR. MURPHY is to have another opponent, worthy of his powers. Herr Anderson, the well-known victor in the tournament of 1851, is on his way to Paris to contend against the young champion. Until his arrival Mr. Morphy is having his daily jousts at the Cafe de la Regence against all comers. In a letter to Mr. Staunton, renewing his challenge, Mr. Morphy says: "I am not a professional player—I never wished to make any skill I possess the means of pecuniary advancement—and my earnest desire is never to play for any stake but honor. My friends in New Orleans, however, subscribed a certain sum, without any countenance from me, and that sum has been ready for you to meet a considerable time past."

THE CORONATION AT LYNCHBURG, VA.—The coronation of the Queen of Love and Beauty, by the successful knight in the late tournament at the fair grounds, took place at the Norvel House, in the midst of a brilliant assembly, on last Thursday night. The lady thus distinguished was Miss Magruder, of Amherst county, who bore her blushing honors with charming modesty and grace. The coronation speech was delivered by G. W. Latham, Esq., of Lynchburg. The beautiful maids of honor were, first, Miss Rowena Selden, of Lynchburg; second, Miss Bettie Duval, of Richmond; and third, Miss Ossie Williams, of Bedford.

IN the Common Council of Philadelphia a motion to allow the passenger railway cars to run on Sundays was defeated by a vote of 33 to 24.

DR. BRUHNS, of Berlin, has computed the orbit of Donati's comet, and finds that the period of its revolution round the sun is rather more than 2,000 years.

THE Pennsylvania Bank building was not sold at the sale that was to be. An announcement was made that no bid less than $200,000 would be taken, and no bid was offered.

MR. WALSH, in one of his late letters to the Journal of Commerce, says: "We may suppose the Moslem pilgrimages to Mecca and Medina to be a prodigious physical as well as moral nuisance. Of the two hundred thousand devotees of the present year a third at least have perished by maladies, not epidemic, but simply incident to their observances and modes of living during their sojourn in the holy cities. The appearance of such of the survivors as returned by Egypt is described in letters from Alexandria as wretched in the extreme."

THE St. Louis Herald says that at a fire in that city last week "a fire-proof safe, of imposing appearance and high proportions, standing outside the building, and apparently out of danger, caught fire and was entirely consumed. An examination showed it to be made of common sheet iron, thinner even than that used for stove pipes, and filled in with pine. With a mallet and a common sheath knife a man could have cut the whole thing to pieces in fifteen minutes."

IMMENSE TAXES.—Some idea of the immense wealth of Wm. B. Astor, says the correspondent of the Charleston Courier, may be ascertained from the fact that he pays this year the sum of $85,000 taxes. But this even is not half of Mr. Astor's colossal fortune. His personal property is in the stocks of corporations, which are taxed upon those corporations, and not upon the individuals who make it up.

EARLY WINTER.—On the 14th inst. snow fell at Tug Hill, Lewis county, N. Y., to the depth of eighteen inches.

MORTALITY AMONG CHILDREN.—A letter from Geauga county, Ohio, states that an epidemic dysentery has raged among young children in that section, ravaging every home and proving generally fatal. In the town of Chester, it is stated, but few infants have been spared by the pestilence.

RAISING US TO THE "SKI."—It is paragraphed as the recent greatest honor to the Americans, that one of the public squares in Sebastopol has been named "Americanski Place," in honor of the American residents there.

BRIGHAM YOUNG has been sued for $25,000 damages, by Col. Fabins, who charges him with false imprisonment.

BOTH parties claim to have carried the legislature of Minnesota.

THE Freeman's Journal contradicts the statement, now making the rounds of the papers, that the Pope has forbidden, on penalty of excommunication, the use of the name Mary for children.

CRINOLINE DETHRONED IN PARIS.—The Paris correspondent of the Boston Traveller, writing October 14th, says "Crinoline is dethroned," and writes as follows of the new fashion of a train:—"I almost like the new fashion, although I suspect it may prove no gentler enemy to man's purse than its predecessor. It is long and draped and floating, like a Muse's costume, or like the attire in which Milton robed the 'pensive Nun, devout and pure.'"

SMALL MAN.—A man resides in Sharpstown, Maryland, who, though thirty-eight years old, is but thirty inches high. He is a tailor by trade, is named F. F. Nichols, and was married on the 12th ult. to a lady five feet high, and weighing one hundred and fourteen pounds. He is said to be a good workman, and "first rate" fellow.

A LETTER received in New York city from an officer in the army in Oregon, says that a battle lasting two days had occurred between the troops and the Indians, which resulted in the Indians suing for peace. The war is therefore believed to be at an end.

COSTA RICAN AFFAIRS.—The Government has received despatches from Gen. Lamar, announcing the intelligence that Costa Rica promptly retracts the offensive language made use of, and says that, if Monsieur Belly had been as well known at the time as he is now, the language would never have been used. The Lake boats had proceeded up the river without interference.

GEN. PAEZ, the Venezuelan patriot, has had a gratifying interview with President Buchanan, at Washington, who received him most graciously. The General is to return to Venezuela in a United States national vessel.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 29.—The State Department, having reason to suppose that some irresponsible persons in England, and others there, writing under assumed names have induced parties in this country to forward remittances thither for the recovery of estates to which they are led to believe they are entitled, cautions persons to whom such representations are made to be satisfied as to the identity and character of their correspondents.

A LETTER was dropped into the Post-Office in Greenfield, Mass., last week, directed to "Egg-arborcitty Nurcherry." After some study it was sent to Egg Harbor City, N. J.

THE Freestone (Texas) Pioneer says a large lion was killed recently on Noland's river, in Johnson county. It had killed nine horses in that vicinity.

THE Great Western Railway Company are going to place three sleeping cars on the line, fitted up with berths, spring mattresses, damask quilts, &c., and a servant to bring soda water, and black the travellers' boots in the morning.

A VERDICT AS IS A VERDICT.—A Mobile (Ala.) paper says that an inquest was recently held in that city, on the body of a man who died from taking an over dose of vegetable pills. On opening the body, the interior was found to be one huge cabbage, but dead, to its core, from confinement and want of water—a beverage which the patient, unfortunately, never drank. The jury returned a verdict of "*quits.*" "Quits, gentlemen!" exclaimed the dismayed coroner—"never heard of such a thing. What do you mean?" "Why," replied the foreman, "we find that, if the cabbage killed the man, the man most certainly killed the cabbage, and if that ain't quits, blow me!"

WHISKERS PULLED OUT.—I. L. Allen, of Albany, New York, met with a singular and painful accident on Friday last. He wears, or did wear, a most luxuriant pair of whiskers, a foot or less in length. While running a sugar mill, which was worked by steam, the whiskers on and under the left side of his face and neck were caught in the machinery and every hair of them torn out by the roots—it leaving the skin as bare as the hand.

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.—The Pittsburg Post of the 21st ult., alluding to the near approach of the one hundredth anniversary of Old Fort Duquesne, says:—"One hundred years ago there was not a single white man in Ohio, Kentucky, Indiana, and Illinois Territories. Then, what is now the most flourishing part of America, was as little known as the country around the mountains of the moon. It was not until 1769, that the 'Hunter of Kentuck,' the gallant and adventurous Boon, left his home in North Carolina, to become the first settler of Kentucky. The first pioneers of Ohio did not settle until twenty years after this time. A hundred years ago Canada belonged to France, and the whole population of the United States did not exceed a million and a half of people. A hundred years ago, the great Frederick of Prussia, was performing those exploits which have made him immortal in military annals, and with his little monarchy was sustaining a single-handed contest with Russia, Austria and France—the three great powers of Europe, combined. A hundred years ago Napoleon was not born, and Washington was a young and modest Virginia colonel, and the great events in the history of two worlds, in which these great and dissimilar men took leading parts, were then scarcely foreshadowed. A hundred years ago the United States were the most loyal part of the British Empire, and on the political horizon no speck indicated the struggle, which within a score of years thereafter, established the greatest republic of the world. A hundred years ago there were but four newspapers in America—steam engines had not been imagined, and railroads and telegraphs had not entered into the remotest conceptions of man. When we come to look back at it through the vista of history we find that to the century which has passed has been allotted more important events in their bearing upon the happiness of the world than almost any other which has elapsed since the creation."

A SINGULAR CASE.—S. M. Holden, of Ann Arbor, Mich., was found one night, about a year since, on a vacant lot, mortally wounded by a pistol shot. He died two days after, refusing to explain the affair. His life was insured for $20,000, of which $10,000 was in the Charter Oak Company of Hartford, $10,000 in the Union Mutual Insurance Company of Maine, and $9,000 in the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York. All these policies were obtained eight or ten months previous to his death. His wife now sues in the U. S. Circuit Court at Detroit to recover the amount of the policies, commencing with the New York Company. The insurance companies refuse to pay the money on the ground that Holden's death was procured by fraud, for the purpose of getting the insurance on his life; that he was not pecuniarily able to obtain such heavy insurance, and had to borrow money to pay the premiums, and that he was engaged in no business afterwards up to the time of his death. The prosecution deny all these allegations, and challenge a close scrutiny into the whole matter. The result of the trial is looked for with much interest.

EXCITEMENT AT NEW ALBANY, IND.—LOUISVILLE, Oct 25.—Horace Bell, who released his father and brother from the Bladensburg (Ky.) jail, in July last, who were committed on the charge of running off with negroes, was taken, on Saturday, from the Fair grounds, at New Albany, Ind., without a warrant, and brought into Kentucky by Louisville officers.

The affair created a great excitement at New Albany, and it is stated that an armed party had started for Bladensburg, Kentucky, with the avowed object of rescuing Bell.

LOUISVILLE, Oct. 29.—The New Albany Expedition returned yesterday, having been pacified by the assurances of the citizens of Brandenburg that Horace Bell would be released on bail.

NEW ALBANY, Ind., Oct. 29.—Horace Bell has been released on bail. He has just arrived here, and was received at the theatre with tremendous applause.

A RAILROAD DRY GOODS STORE.—A railroad dry goods store yesterday made its appearance at Thirty-Second street, from the New Haven road. It is a car sixty feet in length by eight in height, and of ordinary car width, with outside windows; it has skylights and windows at its ends; the skylights can be removed and their openings covered for safety. One side of the car is fitted up with shelving, and a counter extends it whole length. Its most novel feature is its side extension, which will give a width of nineteen feet for the store. It is provided with an India-rubber cover, which is rolled up like the boot of a coach when the car is to be moved. It is to perambulate the country for the purpose of selling dry goods, and seems to be in town for the purpose of filling up.—*N. Y. Post.*

SORGHUM CIDER.—The Nashville (Tenn.) Homestead, says that besides the excellent syrup and sugar made from the Chinese sugar cane, there is yet another article obtained from it which is of pleasant taste, and doubtless healthy in its consequences. It is obtained by putting the expressed juice of the cane into any clean wood or glass vessel, allowing it to stand ten or twelve days, when it assumes the appearance of limpid water, and is fit for use. The flavor is similar to our best cider, and we suppose might be properly called cane cider.

WHAT CONSTITUTES AN ENGAGEMENT?

I know a young man (though the history does not belong to the present season,) who found himself engaged one fine morning, without any idea of such an event. True, he had flirted a good deal for a week or more with a beautiful young blonde, whom fashionable pleasure had attracted to Saratoga, Newport, or Sharon, as you will. The name is not of the slightest consequence.

Flirtation, which is not expressly prohibited in the Decalogue, is sentimental coin fully current in the United States, and its circulation compromises no one. If the truth must be avowed, it had chanced that our hero one night—one moonless night—enjoyed a conversation at the extremity of a dark piazza; and this young gentleman, by accident, perhaps, dropped his head at the moment the young lady in question raised hers, the better to hear what he said. But a kiss, half-given and half-received, is not a matter of such moment as to require the sanction of marriage.

Be it known, then, that William (I see no impropriety in calling him William,) was petrified rather than charmed, the next day, when his partner of the previous night's interview asked him, blushing, if he thought it best to make known their engagement at once!

He gave her a look from which the young lady inferred that she was not understood, and blushing still more sweetly, repeated the question.

William exhibited no discourteous surprise, but put on an appearance which indicated that he was undecided whether an immediate public avowal was best, and then managed to have some good reasons for postponing the revelation until the close of the season; and Nelly promised to keep it a profound secret.

That night he retired to his room and meditated various schemes for extricating himself from his embarrassing position. He could admit every plan but one—that of marriage.

He had not decided upon any definite plan, when, next night at the dance, Miss Susan H———, a charming person, who honored him with a friendship bordering upon the sentimental, touched him lightly upon the arm, and said, with a mysterious air:

"Sir, I congratulate you."

"Wherefore?" he asked, but she had already glided away in the dance.

The matter required an explanation, and during a hiatus in the music, they went aside, and Susan spoke in a serious mood:

"Nelly is my best friend; she has told me all. Oh, you needn't blush so at that."

In fact William colored with the idea that his pretended engagement had already been circulated among his intimate friends. He did not directly deny it, however, but took a method of his own.

"Am I really engaged?" he demanded of Susan.

"A beautiful question to ask me," said Susan, with the slightest touch of spite.

"You shall judge my case," said William. "Suppose I repeated here what you have heard a hundred times—a thousand times—that you are beautiful, intelligent and accomplished; that your eyes are the deep blue of Heaven; your lips the transparent red of the coral; your looks the black lustre of the raven's wing; your neck the grace of the swan, and your shoulders the whiteness of his plumage—would all this, I ask, constitute an engagement between us?"

"No, certainly."

"And if I should add:—The musician loves you for the melody of your voice, the painter for the perfection of your lineaments, the sculptor for the model of your—of your arms, the poet for the expression of your glance, the unfortunate for the goodness of your heart, the gay for your wit, and I love you for all these, I—"

"Is it true that you have said all those pretty things to her?"

"It is not true. I could not have said it without falsehood."

"And you never lie?"

"Never. If I make such an avowal, does it follow that we are to become man and wife?"

"I do not think so."

"Neither do I. For example, if upon just such a night as this, I take your hand (the taking of the hand was more than a supposition.) and say to you, 'Oh, Susan! do you not know how long I have loved you? Have you not divined it in my words, felt it in my silence, seen it in my looks? Then do not wait, accept the offer of my heart, which beats only for you; of my life, which has no other object, if I may consecrate it wholly to your happiness.'"

"Oh, shame! shame!" suddenly cried a voice stifled with emotion.

The two retreated precipitately, seeing poor Nelly, who also hurried to her chamber to hide her disappointment and her fury. Disturbed at the disappearance of her supposed affianced, she had walked out on the dark piazza, hoping to meet him, and arrived just in time to hear his gallant speech.

"Heavens! What will she think!" exclaimed Susan.

"The truth!" replied William.

* * * * * * *

The next morning, at breakfast, every one was asking, "Have you heard the news?—William has broken his engagement." But they were deceived; for in three months he married Miss Susan H———, and the happy pair are now in Italy.—*Courrier des Etats Unis.*

Duration of the Life of Animals.—The following table of the duration of life in certain animals, is translated from an old German work:—The cricket, 10 years; spider, 1; carp, 100 to 150; pike, 40; crocodile, 100; tortoise, 100; hen, 10; peacock, 24; nightingale and lark, 18 to 18; canary (if it does not couple), 24; canary (if it breeds annually), 10; sparrow-hawk, 40; goose, 50; swan, 100; eagle, 100; parrot, 110; rabbit, from 8 to 9; goat, 10; sheep, 10; hog, 20, cat, 18; squirrel, 7; hare, from 7 to 8; dog, from 23 to 28; wolf, 20; bear, 20; fox, 15; lion, 60; cow, 20; bull, 30; ox (draught), 19; deer, 20; horse, from 25 to 30; ass, from 25 to 50; camel, from 50 to 60; elephant, 150 to 200.

VENTILATION.

The following interesting extracts are from lectures delivered last winter before the Smithsonian Institute, by Dr. D. B. Reid, one of the physicians of the Royal College of Edinburgh:—

For each respiration, the actual amount of air required was small—from twenty to thirty cubic inches were sufficient for this purpose; but the expired air contaminates immediately a much larger amount of the surrounding atmosphere. At the same time the surface of the body is continually exhaling vitiated air in the same manner as the lungs. Further, almost all kinds of clothing soon become more or less charged with animal exhalations, and require some addition to the ordinary supply, particularly if dyed with certain chemicals and exposed where they may have imbibed moisture. It is also equally important to notice that every variety of temperature, electrical condition, and humidity in the atmosphere produces a corresponding influence on the sensations as affected by the amount of air brought in contact with the body in a given time. Further, not only are there great varieties of constitution in different individuals, but even in the same person. Before and after dinner or any other refreshment, before and after exercise, and under many other circumstances, very different quantities of air become agreeable or disagreeable, and refreshing or oppressive. Lastly, minute and variable portions of impurity from smoke and manufactories, or from terrestrial exhalations, often modify the amount of supply that is desirable for all constitutions.

It will not be surprising, accordingly, that there is perhaps nothing in respect to which there is a greater difference of practice than in the amount of air given for ventilation, even where we assume that its effect is not still further modified by its mode of introduction and discharge, and the efficiency with which it has the opportunity of acting in passing through the apartment to be ventilated.

It is surprising with how small a proportion of air existence can be maintained for a long period when the system is comparatively inactive. Dr. Reid then described an experiment, in which he had been hermetically inclosed in a case that was not broader than his shoulders, deeper than his chest, or longer than himself; and stated that he had continued there for upwards of an hour, the attendants being ordered to take him out whenever he ceased to answer questions or to give distinct replies. During the whole of that period he had not been particularly incommoded, after getting over a feeling of oppression that attended his first respirations. Apprehensive, however, of some subsequent injurious effects when the oppression he expected did not increase so rapidly as he had anticipated, he directed the case to be undone before any indications were given such as would have led his assistants to have anticipated this order. Nor did he suffer so much as he had expected from the effect subsequently, though headache and restlessness continued for some days to a degree that prevented him from renewing his observations to the extent he had desired.

This experiment was important in corroborating the fact that life might often be sustained for a long period, even in limited quantities of air, where animation was not temporarily suspended.

On the other hand, at different times and under other circumstances, he had suffered more from air not nearly so much contaminated as it was in this instance, and adverted particularly to the fact that the intensity of vitality was often very different in different individuals, and also in one and the same individual at different times. To impress this upon the attention of the audience, an experiment was then shown, in which a common candle, a wax candle, an oil lamp, a spirit lamp, and a gas lamp, were kindled at the same level under a large glass shade, all communication with the external atmosphere having been cut off. In a short time the air became so vitiated that the common candle ceased to burn. Subsequently the wax candle was extinguished, then the oil lamp; the spirit lamp came next in order, and last of all, but long after the others has ceased to burn, the gas lamp was also extinguished, struggling previously in the form of a long pale-blue flame. In the same manner death took place among different individuals, even from the very same causes, in very different periods of time, some sinking without a murmur, where the bystanders scarcely noticed the causes that deprived them of life, while others sustained themselves throughout a long and painful struggle.

Dr. Reid then described the manner in which experiments on respiration had been made with small quantities of air, and the peculiarities of the apartments constructed at his lecture-room at Edinburgh for researches on respiration and ventilation, where the amount of air supplied to numbers, varying from one to two hundred and fifty, could be precisely ascertained and controlled. Sometimes one or more individuals were placed in an air-tight box, containing a definite amount of air. On other occasions one hundred individuals or upwards were placed in an air-tight room with a porous floor and a porous ceiling, the cavities below and above communicating with channels by which air could be made to enter and be withdrawn in any required proportion.

From these experiments and others the conclusion was drawn that ten cubic feet per minute is an ample allowance of air for an adult—far more than he generally has in ordinary habitations, but not more than every ordinary structure should have the means of providing at a minimum. Dr. Reid was prepared to admit that a less amount would generally sustain health, but asserted that it would not give the comfort and maintain the constitution in such good condition as a larger allowance.

What the Doctor Said.—Manjolin was called upon one day by a person suffering with the rheumatism, who insisted upon that celebrated physician doing something for him. Manjolin wrote a prescription, and, as the patient went out of the door, said to him—

"I wish you would let me know if that does you any good, for I have not slept quietly this month, for rheumatism."

A FAREWELL TO G. P. R. JAMES.

FROM THE SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

The departure of Mr. G. P. R. James for his new abode in Venice, was so sudden a thing that no opportunity was afforded his many friends in our city of meeting him, as they had wished, at the festive board. An invitation for a Farewell Dinner was indeed extended him, but his numerous and pressing engagements, preparatory to leaving, compelled him to decline it. A few gentlemen, uniting in a desire to present him with some testimonial of their regard, caused a handsome piece of silver to be prepared and handed to him, with these inscriptions—on one side "Old Dominion Julep Bowl," on the reverse

"To G. P. R. JAMES,
From a few of his friends in Virginia.
May their names,
Familiar to his ears as household words,
Be in this flowing cup freshly remembered."

At an informal social meeting on the occasion of the presentation, the following lines were read, and they are here printed in accordance with the wishes of the parties. In giving them, the editor of the *Messenger* feebly expresses his feelings in parting with a most amiable gentleman, whose literary friendship he has for several years most highly valued:

Good-bye! they say the time is up—
The "solitary horseman" leaves us,
We'd like to take a "stirrup cup,"
Though much indeed the parting grieves us;
We'd like to hear the glasses clink
Around a board where none were tipsy,
And with a hearty greeting drink
This toast—The Author of the Gipsey.

The maidens fair of many a clime
Have blubbered o'er his tearful pages,
The Ariosto of his time,
Romancist of the Middle Ages;
In fiction's realm a shining star,
(We own ourselves his grateful debtors)
Who would not call our G. P. R.—
"H. B. M. C."—a Man of Letters?

But not with us his pen avails
To win our hearts—this English scion,
Though there are not so many tales
To every roaring British Lion—
For he has yet a prouder claim
To praise, than dukes and lords inherit,
Or wealth can give or lettered fame—
His honest heart and modest merit.

An Englishman, whose sense of right
Comes down from glorious Magna Charta,
He loves and loves with all his might,
His home, his Queen, Pale Ale, the Garter;
This last embraces much, 'tis best
To comprehend just what is stated—
For *Honi Soit*—you know the rest
And need not have the French translated.

Oh! empty bauble of renown,
So quickly lost and won so dearly,
Our Consul wears the Muse's crown,
We love him for his virtues merely;
A prince, he's ours as much as Fame's,
And reigns in friendship kindly o'er us,
Then call him George Prince Regent James,
And let his country swell the chorus.

His country! we would gladly pledge
Its living greatness and its glory—
In Peace admired, and "on the edge
Of battle" terrible in story;
A little isle, its cliffs it rears
'Gainst wind and waves in wrath united,
And nobly for a thousand years
Has kept the fire of freedom lighted.

A glowing spark in time there came,
Like sunrise o'er the angry water,
And here is fed, an altar flame,
By Britain's democratic daughter—
From land to land a kindred fire
Beneath the billow now is burning,
Oh, may it thrill the magic wire
With only love and love returning.

But since we cannot meet again
Where wine and wit are freely flowing,
Old friend! this measure take and drain
A brimming health to us in going;
And far beneath Italia's sky,
Where sunsets glow with hues prismatic,
Bring out the bowl when you are dry,
And pledge us by the Adriatic!

Jno. R. Thompson.

Richmond, Va., 20th Sept. 1858.

Weekly Newspapers versus Books.—The light weekly sheet has some obvious advantages over the bound volume. It is miscellaneous and varied. It treats of a great number of subjects, and these, moreover, of general, as well as present interest. Almost every book appeals to a select class of readers. The newspaper has something for every class. It combines the various elements of popular interest. It conveys abroad the latest information, which is eagerly sought for. It discusses themes which agitate the popular mind. It furnishes matter from the pens of some of the ablest writers in the land. The mere feature of news is almost overshadowed by the advantages which it affords for obtaining correct views respecting a great variety of questions that interest the public. Its articles, moreover, are rarely tedious. A book discusses a single subject at length. The newspaper sums up the results, and gives them in a paragraph. Its communications are studiously adapted to the time and taste of those who have but a few hours of leisure during the week, and who seek to gain the most information in the least time.

And besides, its weekly visit is always welcome. It brings forward something new and fresh. The old story is rarely repeated. And in addition to all this, the cheapness of the weekly newspaper gives it a vast advantage.—It contains each week the amount of a moderately-sized volume. And yet its price for the fifty-two numbers of the year is scarcely more than double the price of such a volume. No individual in the land could afford to be at the expense of preparing the matter for a single number, if he sought it with a view to the publication of a volume at the ordinary bookseller's price. And yet for a sum which the most indigent would scarcely feel, it is delivered hundreds, and perhaps thousands of miles away in his own home. In these circumstances, the newspaper has an incomparable advantage over books.—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

My father was left a widower in his first year of marriage, his wife having died in childbirth with us twins—myself and my brother George, whom some of you have mistaken at times, you know, for me. My poor mother herself had been also one of twins. For a few months after her death, her two sisters stayed in my father's house to comfort him and look after us children. I was, however, soon put out to nurse, and George only remained at home. He slept in the same room with his two aunts. I had been from home about a week or so, when Aunt Susan, on awaking about midnight, found her sister out of bed, and walking about the room. She knew Maria suffered from "a raging tooth," so merely informed her where the laudanum was, and went to sleep again. Next night, as the two sisters were undressing, Susan said:

"Be sure to put the bottle so that you will know where to find it, and not run the risk of catching your death of cold, as you did last night."

"I had not the toothache last night, and never left my bed at all," replied Maria.

"Then you must have done it in your sleep, for I saw you up as plainly as I ever saw you in my life."

So, with mutual recrimination and denial, they retired to rest.

Again Susan was awakened, and again she saw her sister pacing about the room.

"Maria, come to rest," said she; "the fire is out, and the cold will only increase the pain."

Her sister turned a pale face towards her, with an indescribably sorrowful and touching expression, but said nothing. Susan, thinking her to be seriously ill, was about to leave the bed, when, to her extreme astonishment, she perceived Maria fast asleep beside her.

It was my dead mother, then—the very image of her living twin-sister—whom she had looked upon those two nights. Susan fainted with excess of fear, and did not waken her bedfellow till after dawn, when nothing unusual was to be observed. She told, however, all she had seen; and Maria, who was much the bolder of the two, promised to keep vigil next night, upon condition that my father was not to be informed of the matter, which she knew would distress him greatly. She attributed the thing herself to fancy and a disordered system. That night, then, they both watched; and when they had been in bed some time, they heard the front door of the cottage open—my mother had been accustomed in her lifetime to carry, for convenience, a latch-key—and a well-known gentle footstep pass up the stairs and go into my father's room. Presently their own chamber door opened, and, dressed in a white garment betwixt bed-gown and dressing-gown, their dead sister glided in. She gave them an appealing, almost reproachful look, and then turned to the little cradle where her baby-boy was sleeping, and stooped down as if to kiss it. Once again she seemed to beseech them dumbly, and left the room with a slow, noiseless tread. It was some minutes before they dared to speak. Maria longed to address the spirit, but her tongue clove to the roof of her mouth. In the morning they asked my father whether he had seen any *strange sight* or no.

"I saw nothing unusual," he *replied*; but when they told him all, he confessed, not without some effort: "And I, too, for these last ten days, have seen her every midnight. I hear the key in the front door; her tread upon the landing as of old; but her face, as she stands by my bed-foot, seems worn and piteous, and I know she has some grief she may not tell. I have spoken to her many times, but she does not answer me. I know not what to do."

After some more conversation, a sudden thought flashed upon my father's mind; and, saddling his horse himself, he rode off at full speed to the town about ten miles off, where I had been intrusted to a respectable nurse. In that short interval which I had passed away from home, he found me shockingly altered; half-starved and ill and bruised. Another nurse was instantly obtained, who, however, remained at my own home with me. Never more was seen by mortal eye that messenger from the dead; the boundless love which had burst the barrier of death itself—the affection of a mother for her child—was never tried so terribly again.

The Shopkeepers of Cape Town.—The shopkeepers of Cape Town were the most original beings in the world. At a given hour the doors of the establishment were closed, while master and shopmen ate their dinner and took their mid-day *siesta*, refusing resolutely to attend to any business during these hours (which occupied nearly half the day) of relaxation. Helen heard many laughable accounts of these easy-going merchants, but still remained incredulous of the exact truth, until one day she experienced the very coolness she had doubted. Accidentally, or carelessly, choosing the middle of the day for a shopping excursion, she set off with an officer's wife to make the purchases she required. They entered a large shop; the master, a stout, sleepy-looking Dutchman, sat behind the counter, almost invisible in a cloud of smoke. "I want some printed cotton, Meinherr," said Helen. "Dat is likely, Madame," was the rejoinder. "Will you show me some?" asked Helen, rather impatiently. "Dat, you see, I cannot do; dis is the hour of rest, my lady; der is the cotton—like him, why take him." Helen looked at the shelf, but it was far beyond her reach, and, in despair, she turned to her companion to ask what was to be done. Here she was only met by a laugh. Her friend had often told her of the taciturnity of the merchants, and was now not a little amused at the truth meeting Helen's own observation.—*Adventures of Mrs. Somerset.*

Insanity.—Dr. Wigon says that the difficulty of recalling a train of thought is one of the invariable accompaniments of insanity, it being an act in which both brains are concerned.—Dr. Wigon states that he cannot remember to have seen a single instance of insanity, however slight, and however incognizable by any but an experienced medical man, where the patient, after relating a short history of his complaints, physical, moral, or social, could, on being requested to repeat the narrative, follow the same series.

THE THIRD PERSON VERSUS THE FIRST.

The other day, in one of the Paris restaurants, a party of literary men were discussing the merits of various epistolary styles. One of them, Monsieur A———, made a fierce attack on letters written in the third person, such as "Monsieur X——— has the honor to inform ———," and so on. Another of the party defended them, maintaining that they were more ceremonious, more polite.

"That's a good idea," replied Monsieur A———. "The foundation of all politeness, in letter-writing, is to express clearly what you mean to say. Now, nothing can be more ambiguous than these confounded notes in the third person. I will just tell you what happened to myself. About the middle of May, I received from my friend D———, the Chief of Division, a *billet doux* which I will show you."

Taking the note from his pocket, Monsieur A——— read as follows:

"Monsieur D———, Chief of Division at the War Office, hastens to inform his friend Monsieur A———, that he has just been named Chevalier of the Legion of Honor."

"You can fancy my delight at reading this note," continued Monsieur A———. "I was the happiest man in the world. I ran to an engraver's, and ordered him to make the flattering addition to my cards, 'Monsieur A———, Chevalier of the Legion of Honor.' I ran to a jeweller's, and bought a cross of the purest gold. I ran to a silk mercer's, and bought a piece of the richest red *moire* for my buttonhole. I ran to the houses of all my friends for the pleasure of receiving their congratulations. At last I ran to my friend D———'s; as soon as I caught sight of him, I threw myself into his arms.

"Ah, my dear fellow," I exclaimed, "you have no idea what pleasure you have given.—How shall I ever thank you sufficiently?"

"You are an excellent fellow, my worthy A———, to sympathize thus with my happiness."

"Thank you for that expression; the decoration is mine, and the happiness is yours."

"How is that? Have you received the Order?"

"Certainly—have I not?"

"No, my good friend; 'tis I who am now made Chevalier."

"You?"

"Yes. You deserve the honor more than I do; but, nevertheless, it has been conferred upon me."

"But you wrote me word that I had received the cross."

I took his letter out of my pocket, and showed it him. Alas! I now understood clearly what meaning I ought to assign to the ambiguous phrase.

"The deuce take you and your note!" I said to D———. "Instead of your affected and formal announcement in the third person, why could you not write to me simply and plainly, 'My dear friend, I have the pleasure of informing you that I now am named Chevalier?'"

"I left him in a rage; I will never speak to him again as long as I live. Don't talk to me of your polite notes written in the third person."

An Unwise Divine.—Dr. Rudd, Bishop of St. David's, having to preach before Queen Elizabeth at Richmond, in the Lent of 1596, knowing the Queen was sixty-three years of age, like a foolish, good, silly man, took for his text, "So teach us to number our days, that we may incline our hearts unto wisdom." He then proceeded to talk of sacred numbers—of three, of the Trinity; of three times three, the hierarchy; seven, the Sabbath; and seven times seven, the Jubilee; and so on till, seeing the Queen troubled, he fell to treat of the numbers of the beasts, and concluded, introducing a fresh text alluding to the infirmities of age, quoting Ecclesiastes, "When the grinders shall be few in number, and they wax dark that look out of the window." When he had finished his sermon, the Queen opened her closet lattie which stood opposite the pulpit, as she usually did on such occasions, but instead of thanking him, said plainly he should have kept his arithmetic to himself. "But I see," she said, "the greatest clerks are not the wisest men:" and left in anger. The astonished doctor was then ordered by Lord Keeper Pickering to keep his house for a time, which he did. But the Queen, with her usual strong sense, soon forgot the offence, and three days after, rebuked a female parasite who spoke scornfully of the preacher. And to show the doctor was mistaken she thanked God that neither her stomach, nor strength, nor her voice for singing, nor fingering instruments, nor lastly her sight, was any whit decayed. To prove this she produced a jewel carved with a motto in very small letters, and which neither my Lord of Worcester nor Sir James Crofts could of course read. She then trolled the inscription off to the astonishment of every courtier, but none dared laugh, for the laws of Elizabeth's Court were strict.—*Shakspeare's England.*

One of the Rivieres.—The following instance of excessive *coolness* is from Carlyle's Essay on Diderot:—

"A certain Riviere had received assistance from Diderot in some literary or scientific matter, to an extent that might very properly suggest a pecuniary return. The daughter of Diderot, who wrote his memoirs, is quoted as follows:—'Riviere, well contented, now thanks my father, both for his services and his advice; sits chatting another quarter of an hour, and then takes leave. My father shows him down.' As they are on the stairs, Riviere stops, turns round and asks, 'M. Diderot, are you acquainted with Natural History?' 'Why, a little; I know an aloe from a sago, and a pigeon from a colibri.' 'Do you know the history of the Formica-leo?' 'No.' 'It is a little insect of great industry; it digs a hole in the ground like a reversed funnel; it covers the top with fine light sand: it entices foolish insects into it; takes them, sucks them, and then says to them—Mr. Diderot, I have the honor to wish you good day.' 'My father,' continues the lady, 'stood laughing like to split at this adventure.'"

TENNYSON ON BULWER.

Tennyson has seldom dipped his pen in satire, and his verses on Christopher North, published by him some years ago in his volume, would almost lead one to believe he is incapable of severe retortive verse. But, like all true poets, when roused he can strike very sharply, as the following extract will show. When Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer published the New Timon, he made in it an attack on Tennyson, who was then just rising brightly in the heaven of fame. The censure of the critics induced the author of Paul Clifford to suppress the offensive passage in subsequent editions, but not in time to prevent Tennyson replying in some verses which were published in *Punch*. We give the concluding ones:

And what with spites and what with fears,
You cannot let a body be;
It's always ringing in your ears,
"They call this man as great as me."

What profits now to understand
The merits of a spotless shirt—
A dapper boot—a little hand—
If half the little soul is dirt?

You talk of tinsel? why we see
Old marks of rouge upon your cheeks:
You prate of Nature! *you* are he
That spilt his life upon the cliques.

A Timon you! Nay, nay, for shame
It looks too arrogant a jest—
That fierce old man—to take his name—
You handbox. Off, and let him rest.

Shakspeare on the Comet.—The last time the great comet was seen by us earthlings is said to be three hundred years ago. This was a few years before the birth of Shakspeare, and no doubt his "folks" continued to talk about it all his growing up, and the marvellous story of its "blazing forth" may have inspired those lines he puts into the mouth of Cæsar's wife on the morning before his assassination, in which *she alludes to the awful portents of* the night past:—

"When beggars die there are no comets seen;
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes."

There is a pregnant moral to be drawn from this domestic sputter of Calphurnia and Cæsar. If Cæsar had *minded his wife*, he would have stayed at home, and not been assassinated. But he didn't mind her, and so he got what he got. He answered his wife that he was not afraid of anything—it seemed to him "most strange that men should fear." A great General of more modern times, who held the destinies of Britain in his power as much as Cæsar did those of Rome after the battle of Pharsalia—General Monck—used to say he was afraid of nothing but his wife. He was a proper man, saved his country, and died in his bed.—*Boston Post.*

Useful Receipts.

CURE FOR THE CRAMP.

To those who are troubled with cramp
In the leg—and I fear there are many—
I can offer a positive cure;
And as simple and easy as any.
A bandage sufficiently strong
For the purpose is all that's required;
Which, tied tight just over the knees,
Will produce the effect so desired;
For the pain in a short time will cease
And permit you to sleep with some pleasure.
One trial will prove that I've said
Not a word that's untrue of this treasure.

To Keep Grapes.—Grapes may be kept fresh for a long time by a very simple process. Take shallow boxes, some six or eight inches deep, lay a flock of cotton batting on the bottom, on this lay bunches of grapes, cover the layer with another flock of the cotton, and lay on grapes again, and so on until the box is filled. Keep the box in a cool, dry place, where it will not quite freeze. Pick off the unsound grapes before putting up, and avoid bruising or crushing the bunches.—*Ohio Cultivator.*

Scented Oils.—Some of these are sold by perfumers at a very high profit; they can all be prepared at a very small expense. Take a quart of common olive oil, and heat it in a stoneware vessel up to 212 degrees, then add half an ounce of sal-soda, and stir all for fifteen minutes. Allow the oil to cool, and a sediment will fall to the bottom; pour off the clear oil, and scent it with any of the essential oils, such as rosemary, bergamot, and lavender. One-fourth of an ounce of essential oil will scent a quart of the prepared oil, which is very excellent for the hair, and equal to Rowland's celebrated Macassar oil, sold at such extravagant prices.

Blowing Out a Candle.—There is one small fact in domestic economy which is not generally known, but which is useful as saving time, trouble, and temper. If a candle be blown out holding it above you, the wick will not smoulder down, and may, therefore, be easily lighted again; but if blown upon downwards, the contrary is the case.

A Receipt for Pomatum for Gradually Darkening the Hair without Injuring the Skin.—I have much pleasure in recommending your correspondent, "R. W. W.," the following, which, I feel satisfied will fully and effectually answer his purpose: Wash the head with spring water, and comb the hair in the sun, having dipped the comb in the oil of tartar. Do this about three or four times a day, and in less than a fortnight the hair often becomes black as the "raven's wing."—*London Field.*

Fleas in Dogs.—What is the best remedy for fleas in dogs frequently in the house? Answer. The usual plan is to wash them with soap and soda. Spirit of turpentine kills them directly, but irritates the skin a good deal.—*London Field.*

How to Extract the Bitter Quality from Yeast.—Bake a small piece of bread quite black and drop into the yeast; or, if it be very bitter, put a small quantity of bran into a small sieve and strain the yeast through—these remedies have been tried and never have been known to fail.

Or,—Pour cold water over the yeast some time before you require it, the yeast will sink, and the bitter quality remain in the water, which pour *off.*—*London Field.*

SAINT AUGUSTINE.

Along the shore of the summer sea
Walked Saint Augustine thoughtfully:
Too deeply did he seek to scan
The nature of the Lord of man.
Nor was the task abstruse, he thought—
His mind with Scripture texts was fraught;
He deemed to his presumption given
To learn the mysteries of Heaven.
Then, suddenly descried he there
A boy of aspect wondrous fair,
Who, bending forwards o'er the strand,
Scooped out a hollow in the sand,
And filled it, with a limpet shell,
From out the ocean's briny well.

Augustine spake—"My pretty boy,
What is thy play, or thy employ?"
"Look, sir! within this little hole,
The sea, with all the waves that roll,
For sport I'll put." Augustine smiled—
"Thy sport is all for naught, my child;
Thy utmost labor is in vain—
Thine aim thou never canst attain."
"Let him to whom such power's denied,
Content in his own path abide:
Much to the loving heart is dear,
That to the brain doth dark appear."
So spake the boy; then to the light
His wings displayed, of glistening white,
And like an eagle, soared away,
Lost in the sun's resplendent ray.

Long after him Augustine gazed,
And said, with heart and eyes upraised—
"The truth he spake; the human mind
Is still to time and space confined,
And cannot pass beyond; but he
Who lives in faith and righteously,
So much of God shall be discern
As needeth man on earth to learn."

A SKELETON IN EVERY HOUSE.

FROM CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

This pharisaical nineteenth century, which seemed never weary of giving thanks and praise to itself for immeasurable superiority in all things over every preceding one, has of late received some startling rebukes from unexpected quarters. Light has leaped out of the huge, unsightly fissures that has suddenly yawned in its surface-civilization, precisely where the glittering crust was presumed to be solidest—most reliable—by which society may photograph its features with, we will hope, a salutary, if self-humbling truthfulness, vainly to be looked for at the hands of its portrait-painters in ordinary. It happens that, from position and other circumstances, I have neither been startled nor surprised by those, to many, utterly confounding revelations. So familiar, indeed, have I long been with many of the dark secrets that palpitate and writhe beneath the flimsy veils—which the merest accident, a breath, may at any moment rend away—of seeming probity, seeming riches, seeming piety, that I am only astonished such discoveries are not very much more frequent than they are. But this morning, hardly ten minutes before I sat down to pen this narrative—and which but for that reminding circumstance might not have been penned—my heart leaped to my mouth as a highly-respectable City-name flashed upon me in the police columns of the Times: a second glance re-assured me: the gentleman, however, was only before the magistrate to give evidence against a lad he had seen pick a lady's pocket in the Crystal Palace. On Sunday next I propose going some distance to hear a reverend gentleman preach—and most admirably he does preach—who, if a saving miracle is not wrought in his favor, will, I much fear, and before long, too, be either the inmate of a madhouse or have perished by his own hand—with such vengeful fierceness does the unseen vulture tear at his heart!

"Who, then, are you," the reader naturally asks, "that pretend to have penetrated to the Purgatorio and Inferno of man's inner life, and read the sad secrets shrouded there? A Romish priest, mayhap?" Nay, I am neither priest nor parson; and, by profession, nothing better or worse than a skilled accountant. You may have seen, many years ago, my advertisement proffering aid to the embarrassed, in placing their tangled affairs in order, or, at the worst, setting them forth in such scientific array—wondrous factors are figures when skillfully manipulated—that the initiated only should be able to detect the fallacious arithmetic. I had abundance of occupation; the reputation I had acquired for tact, address, and fidelity caused my services to be eagerly sought after in other than monetary difficulties; and as those opportunities for close observation were diligently improved by the unconquerable inquisitiveness which has ever been my besetting weakness, or strength, my success in groping my way to dark conscience-crypts, and discerning there, with more or less distinctness, the shadowy skeletons with which, it has been said, most human homes are haunted, will surprise no one. I shall, it is right to premise, take scrupulous care, by fictitious names, by changing the localities, and so forth, to render the identification of the actors in the scenes I am about to sketch impossible—except, of course, by themselves. Let me add, too, that I do not enter upon my self-imposed task in a spirit of smirking self-superiority; such a mood of mind would, in sooth, ill become me, for, albeit that I am honest enough as the world goes, *there is a skeleton in my own house*, which, unsuspected by friends or acquaintance, has dwelt with me since the days of youthful prime; and as the shadows of the now swiftly-coming night of life gather around me, gleams with every passing hour into ghostlier distinctness.—*Christe Eleison!*

Enough, at all events for the present, of my own secret griefs. To-day I have only sufficient courage to probe and lay bare those of others. Vaulting, therefore, over my first five-and-twenty years of life, I alight from a northern coach, in London, on a wet, gloomy evening in 1837, the year of the great panic caused by a general collapse of the madly dilated paper-wings of commerce. To that catastrophe, my arrival in the metropolis was wholly attributable; the bank wherein I had been many years clerk having, upon the stoppage of the London establishment to which it was affiliated—Sir Peter Pole's—followed suit with an instant alacrity marvellous to the outer world, though not at all so to me, who had some time before managed to make acquaintance with a terrific skeleton, confined, not confined, in a large iron safe, whereon was inscribed, in neatly painted white letters, "The Earl of ———'s Bonds, Shares," &c., and which we used to lower into the vaults every evening with the cash and book chests. Could we have let down his grim ghastliness to the centre of the earth, he would not, I am quite sure, have been the less constantly visible to the worthy banker; nor his mocking iteration of "The Earl of ———'s Bonds and Shares" less distinctly audible to that much-respected individual. I had for some time suspected that those neatly painted white letters lied audaciously, and I one day found an opportunity of verifying that fact. That the banker surmised, or feared, I had possessed myself of his frightful secret, was made plain to me on the day his bank suspended payment, when I was at once dismissed with a handsome douceur, and half-a-dozen most flattering introductions to houses in London; among them, to Hamlet's, the eminent gold and silver smiths, at the east end of Coventry Street, Haymarket, who, Mr. ——— intimated, was in pressing need of a skillful accountant, and that I should act wisely in presenting myself there without delay. Moreover, every one of the letters, which were given me unsealed, expressed the writer's implicit reliance upon my "honor and discretion—qualities invaluable in persons intrusted with the confidence of their employers;" *ad misericordiam* phrases, addressed, I well understood, to myself, and which, though not needed for their real purpose, proved of service to me. I left the same evening for London; and the banker, relieved for a time of his worst fears—the Earl of ——— being abroad, and likely to remain so for a long period—set the requisite machinery to work for effecting an arrangement with his creditors, in which he succeeded; the bank kept its staggering feet till his death, three years afterwards, when it went down with a crash; and great was the fall thereof.

The affairs of the house of Hamlet were already in the hands of official Philistines when I reached London; other firms, to whom I had recommendations, were actually, or proximately, in the same condition; only two of my introductory letters remained to be delivered; and I was standing in the Poultry, wearily watching the crowds of people pressing forward to the bank to exchange their notes for gold—a demand which the Mint, by working night and day, could barely keep pace with—when my eye lit upon a number of Cobbett's Register, just placed in a stationer's window. I had been long familiar with that wayward writer's currency crotchets, and should not probably have bestowed a second glance on the publication, had it not been that poetry-despising William Cobbett had, for the first time, and, I believe, last time in his life, headed his Register with a poetical quotation. It is from Macbeth:—

Now be those juggling fiends no more believed,
Who palter with us in a double sense;
Who keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope. Accursed be they,
And damned all those that trust them!

Cobbett had so evidently been carried out of himself by delirious exultation over the downfall of so many "rag-rooks," that, feeling somewhat anxious to read a *brochure* inspired by such a state of the Cobbett mind, I entered the shop to purchase it. I had no small change about me, except some loose coppers in my breast coat pocket; so, first taking out and placing upon the glass case on the counter my two undelivered letters, I groped among the remaining sundries for the required sum.—That accomplished, I received the Register, and was about to take up the letters, when a gentleman, who had been scrutinizing impertinently, I thought, the addresses through his gold hand-glasses, said:

"One of your letters, young man—this one—is addressed to a person who died by his own hand about two hours since."

"God bless me!" I exclaimed. "And the cause, sir?"

"Bankruptcy. Ruin! He is another victim of the senseless panic that is raging around us. But you, I suppose, agree with Mr. Cobbett, that bankers and bull-frog traders are noxious vermin, that it is a pleasure to see hunted down."

"You are much mistaken, sir. Cobbett amuses me by the heartiness of his humor; but in monetary science I have long held him to be one of the veriest quacks that ever, by force of sheer impudence, imposed upon the folly of fools."

"That is a bold opinion from so young a man—and a young *countryman*, too, it is easy to perceive."

"May be so; but, as these letters testify, I have been familiar with finance, both in theory and practice, from boyhood."

"Indeed! May I cast my eye over one?"

"Certainly, sir;" and I handed him both.

Whilst he, with evident interest, peruses them, I will describe what manner of man he at first view seemed to be.

In years about forty-five, I thought, though a certain undefinable age-shadow, that now and then flitted over his sallow features, hinted at longer life than that, if reckoned by emotions and impressions, and not by years. There was nothing remarkable in his dress, except its scrupulous neatness. His frame was strong and unbowed, and his dark hair, though slightly silvered, was unthinned by time. His face was decidedly handsome, and not the less interesting to inquisitive me, on account of the tremulous disquietude of his dark, changeful eyes. How nervous he was! The hasty entrance of a bustling customer caused him such a start that he let fall the letter he was reading! Were those symptoms only of the prevailing epidemic—commercial embarrassment? or were more affrighting *spectra* than the Gazette and Court of Bankruptcy discernible by that keen, apprehensive glance in the dark distance?

These alike vain and unauthorised speculations were presently interrupted by Mr. Marshall, as we may call him, who, as he returned me the letters, and looked with keen scrutiny in my face, abruptly said:

"If you have a few minutes to spare, I shall be glad to speak to you."

I bowed assent, and followed him to a neighboring tavern, every room of which we found filled with people in a state of extreme excitement, among whom such phrases as "national bankruptcy," "suspension of cash payments," plentifully intermingled with curses of "Peel's bill," were bandied about on all sides.

"One can hardly hear one's self speak here," remarked Mr. Marshall; "but," he added, drawing me towards the end of the passage, "what I have to say will require a very few words. You are strongly recommended, Mr. Henry Johnson, in those letters by Mr. ———, your former employer—whom by reputation I know something of—not only for rare skill as an accountant, but for tried honor and discretion. Now, I happen to want such a person, and if—"

Mr. John Marshall checked himself, again perused with sharp scrutiny my face, then said:

"Have you many acquaintances in London?"

"Not one;—neither relative nor acquaintance."

That reply decided him, and it was quickly settled that I should enter his service the next day at a very liberal salary.

I was at Fenchurch Street punctually at the hour named, and was forthwith installed in Mr. Marshall's private counting-house. He had, I found, a flourishing business, and the books, though there were arrears that required some time to get up, were well and methodically kept. He had also established a good discounting account at the Bank of England; which means, that all the acceptances he received, presumedly in the regular course of business, were as of course credited to him as cash, *minus* interest at the current rate. An often fatal facility, which I was not long in discovering, had tempted him to discount the paper of a number of persons at a high rate of interest, himself, of course, pocketing the difference. That, however, was a section of his affairs of which I knew nothing, except as it was set forth in his bill-book; and to judge from that, it was very profitable. All this being so, I came to the conclusion that it could not be to commercial difficulties that the dreadful depression of mind, under which (as at first sight of him I had suspected) Mr. Marshall had habitually labored, was attributable; a depression, which often, when he thought himself unobserved, I have seen suddenly change to wordless frenzy, to gnashing of teeth, wild wringing of the hands, maniacal fighting with the air, as if he were struggling in the gripe of some living, bodily foe!

Whence, then, arose that maddening disquietude? Not from his family. His marriage had been one of affection; and Mrs. Marshall was a singularly amiable woman; resembling in cast of features the French Empress; though it may be I only fancy so, because the line of pain across her forehead was the same, and as distinctly marked as that which gives such touching expression to the imperial brow of the beautiful Eugenie. They had, moreover, three children—Maria, Ellen, and Frances—bright-eyed, golden-haired elves, the eldest nine, the youngest four years old. In short, it must have been a home of paradise, but for the *serpent* coiled about the husband's heart; but for the fiend that whispered in the wife's ear vague, torturing hints of the true source of the cankering care that was eating away the life of the father of her children.

Suddenly the dark riddle was, I thought, made clear. Two females called at the warehouse during Mr. Marshall's absence: one a fierce-featured woman of between forty and fifty years of age; the other, her daughter, and of a mild, dejected aspect. They would give no name; but the mother said, with a kind of menace in her look and tone, that they would return towards the evening. They did so, just as I was mentioning the circumstance to Mr. Marshall. The elder woman pushed boldly into the counting-house, dragging her daughter with her, and a terrible scene ensued. The intruder's insolence was met by a torrent of derisive, regeful abuse. She was to the full as fierce and bitter; and the fiery war of words was at length terminated by both being thrust into the street by Mr. Marshall; and as even then the virago's tongue continued to pour forth maledictions, she was finally given in charge to a city constable, and taken off to the lock-up house in Giltspur Street. Mr. Marshall himself left the office immediately afterwards for his private residence at Stamford Hill.

The next morning I was called into the private room; and Mr. Marshall confided to my "honor and discretion" a troubled chaptor of his early life. He and his father had been with hundreds of others seized by Napoleon Bonaparte at the rupture of the peace of Amiens, and detained in France as prisoners of war on parole. An intimacy ensued between them and an English family of the name of Curtis, who were similarly situated; and in December 1804, John Marshall was wedded, by civil contract only, to Julia Curtis, the bride being in her twenty-sixth, the bridegroom in his twenty-second year. A most unhappy marriage it proved to be; and so early did unappeasable discords arise between the ill-matched pair, that before the birth of a daughter in October 1805, legal steps had been taken by mutual consent to obtain its annulment; and the interval prescribed by the French law having expired, sentence of divorce was duly pronounced. The child, which the father had never seen, was with his ready acquiescence consigned to the absolute guardianship of its mother; and it was further agreed that an income of forty pounds per annum, which Julia Curtis had brought to the marital treasury, should revert to her.

"Directly peace was restored," continued Mr. Marshall, "I returned to England, engaged in business forthwith; and the following year, 1815, married my present wife. I heard nothing directly of the Curtises, till about three weeks ago, when I received a letter from the woman, Julia Curtis, you saw here yesterday. She had passed over from the Isle of Man, where she has for many years resided, to Yorkshire, to ascertain if anything could be got out of the guardian of her somewhat wealthy brother, Robert Curtis, who has been long hopelessly insane. He is known—Mr. Willesden, the said guardian, and an old friend of mine, has informed me—to have made a will in her daughter's favor when he was *compos mentis*; and she fancied it might be possible to obtain an advance of money upon the security of that instrument. Failing in that, and some silly fool having persuaded her that an Englishwoman once a wife is always a wife till divorced by death or act of Parliament, she wrote to me, threatening that unless a large sum of money was immediately sent to her, she would take legal proceedings for the enforcement of her rights."

"Common sense might have taught her that what the French law could do, it might undo, especially as no religious ceremony took place."

"To be sure. Well, I took no notice of the preposterous letter; and what occurred yesterday you know. And now to finish, I trust for ever, with this hateful topic. Mrs. Marshall has urged me to make the woman a present of a hundred pounds. I consent to do so, upon condition that she solemnly promises never again to annoy me; and if you, Mr. Johnson, will arrange the matter for me, I shall be obliged."

I found no difficulty whatever in doing so. The fierce-willed *divorcée* before I reached the prison had seen a solicitor, who convinced her that she had no legal claim upon Mr. Marshall; and she gave the required promise not to molest that gentleman again, in exchange for his hundred-pound cheque, with alacrity, adding, of her own grace and favor, that they should sail on the morrow for Douglas, in the Isle of Man, by the *William and Mary*, a passenger and trading vessel, lying in the Thames. The daughter seemed to be just as meek and docile as the mother was fierce and wilful; the poor girl sobbed aloud with emotion, when I hinted to her, unheard by her mother, that the money was really a gift to *her*, from Mr. Marshall, who did not forget—and upon my solemn word, I fully believed what I was saying—that she was, after all, his child. "Bless him, bless him!" she murmured; "I have always thought of him with love and reverence."

It was unfortunate that I, though in all sincerity, had induced the young woman to believe that Mr. Marshall thought of her with regretful tenderness, for it excited in her an irrepressible desire to see and speak with him alone before leaving London: and as soon as she could give her mother the slip, she hurried to Fenchurch Street for that purpose. I was not at the warehouse when she called, but I knew from the clerk, who partially witnessed what passed, that the scene was a painful one. Mr. Marshall, who could be cold as steel, hard as flint, received her with chilling indifference, and quickly wearying of her prayers and protestations, forcibly ejected her, not with intentional violence, but still with so much force, that the unhappy girl slipped and fell upon the pavement. Mr. Marshall raised her; but believing she had sustained no hurt, he re-entered his house, slamming the door after him: and the heart-broken girl limped away, her right ankle having been strained by the fall. On the morrow, it was so much swollen, that her mother, with whom it was urgent to return at once to Douglas, was compelled to leave her behind in lodgings.

I was quite unaware of that circumstance, which would have much mitigated the shock I felt, on reading about eight days afterwards the following paragraph in the shipping intelligence of the *Times*: "The *William and Mary*, Captain Hearn, from London, bound for Douglas, Isle of Man, was driven on shore at the island of Anglesea, during the late gale, and almost immediately went to pieces. The crew and passengers all perished."

I silently placed the paper upon the desk before Mr. Marshall with my finger upon the paragraph, and immediately left the counting-house. I saw him again ten minutes afterwards, and God forgive me if I misjudge him, but there *did* seem to be a lustre upon his face as of a subdued vengeful exultation; but I am, I know, prone to rash judgments.

The dark cloud which encompassed Mr. Marshall was not, however, lightened by that catastrophe; and it was in another, and by me totally unsuspected direction, that the dread spectre, of which it was the aforecast shadow, presently revealed itself.

The monetary and commercial panic had long since terminated, though its effects were still felt in the fall of houses that, shaken to their foundations by the financial earthquake, slipped from time to time through the make-shift, concealed props, that for a while sustained them, into cureless ruin. One of these was a firm whose paper Mr. Marshall had been in the habit of privately discounting, and when, upon seeing their name in the list of bankrupts, I turned hastily to the bill-book, I saw, to my dismay, that we had rediscounted acceptances of theirs to over four thousand pounds at the Bank of England! This was a heavy blow, the more so that our account at the bank was not just then, from various causes, in a quite satisfactory state, and a hint had indeed been given us that the amount of our discounts must for the future be considerably restricted. Still the loss, if a total one, which was not likely, would not be ruin, and I was almost as much amazed as shocked at the effect the intelligence from my lips produced upon Mr. Marshall. He stared in my face for a few seconds as if thunder-smitten, and then realizing the full horror of his position, turned as if to flee, staggered a few steps, and fell with a doleful cry upon the floor.

Fortunately, there was no one present or within hearing but myself, and I soon quietly restored him to consciousness—to consciousness alas! that the hand of time was at last close upon that hour of which the prophetic tolling had for so many miserable months sounded in his ear!

I strove to calm his agitation by urging that the bank, which would, of course, as a matter of business, prove against the bankrupt's estate to the amount of the acceptances—not one of which was nearly due—would still hold them as against the acceptor till they reached maturity; and that, moreover, an excellent dividend might be rationally hoped for. I spoke to the winds; the wretched man heard as if not hearing me, and at last stopped my mouth, and for a time my breath, by suddenly exclaiming:

"You speak of you know not what! Those bills, those acceptances are—are forgeries!"

"Forgeries!"

"Yes, Mr. Johnson, forgeries! And—and I'll be pestered with it no longer; all—all—my private discounts—all the bills, made payable here, and entered in red ink—are forgeries!"

"Almighty powers! All in red ink—forgeries! Why, they are over nine thousand pounds!"

"Yes, yes—I know—I daresay! I have not dared to add them up for many a day. Miserable man that I am—infatuated fool that I have been! It commenced with three hundred pounds, to save my credit. Accursed credit! Would to God it had not been saved. And now—now, Mr. Johnson," he went on to say, perceiving that I was utterly confounded, "will you, can you stand by me? I trust in you. You have a cool head, strong nerves; will you, for my wife, my children's sake, strive to save me?"

I did not, could not immediately answer; but he had touched the right cord. For his children's sake! Yes, I would do much to shield their fair young lives from blight and sorrow so untimely and so terrible. I pledged my word, as soon as I could speak with calmness, that I would do so.

It was settled, during the long and gloomy conference which followed, that everything should be left to me, and that Mr. Marshall should keep close under pretence of illness—no pretence, by the way—at Stamford Hill, where I could see him every evening; lest, peradventure, his nervous terrors, now that the frightful peril he had incurred was become imminent, should betray him.

Eight clear days were before me in which to collect, without aid from discount, £4,000; for on the ninth day, the first meeting under the fiat in bankruptcy would take place, and the forged bills be tendered in proof against the estate of the acceptors. I succeeded in raising the money, and not six hours too soon; but there was still time to get possession of the bills without exciting suspicion or remark. I went over to the bank, and with as unconcerned an air as I could assume, placed a list of the acceptances I required before the clerk who had the management of Mr. Marshall's account. Although I well remember it was a bitterly cold morning, and I heard people say that the Serpentine was frozen completely over during the night, my shirting, I know, was wringing wet, and my blood at fever-heat.

"Oh, you want those acceptances?" said the clerk, after glancing over the list. "We intended proving upon them to-morrow. You do not, I hope, propose," he sharply added, "to withdraw them by a cheque; because, your account being already a trifle overdrawn, I—"

"No, no," I interrupted; "I bring you cash for them."

"Do you? Why not, then, pay your cash into account, and let the bills run on to maturity?"

"Because, my good sir, we can do better with them, than prove under the bankruptcy."

"Ho, ho! I understand; you have an *offer for your debt. But mind what you are* about. The estate will cut up very well, I am told."

I said he might let us alone for that; and after another torturing ten minutes, I held the terrible bills in my hand, checked with difficulty a frantic impulse to run, walked sedately out of the bank, and drove off to Stamford Hill.

So far successful; and although there was still much nervous work to do, there was more time to do it in. I must do myself the justice to say that I persevered valiantly during the next four weeks, now elate with hope, now sunk in despair; and the nights were very much worse than the days; for so surely as I dozed off was either Mr. Marshall or I going to be hanged; Mrs. Marshall and the girls to be in some other way disastrously dealt with; and once I went through the whole process of being hanged, cut down, coffined, and buried, though still unaccountably alive, and able to read my own epitaph, written in red ink, upon a tombstone.

The main difficulties were at last surmounted; the accursed red list was reduced to three items, altogether about fourteen hundred pounds; in fact, the fearful race against time was as good as won, when I was suddenly tripped up and flung on my back, without chance of regaining my feet again, and in this way. Of course, the scraping together, in so short a time, of nine thousand pounds, over and above what was required for the ordinary outgoings, obliged me to make tempting allowances for prompt payments, and to press customers who thought themselves, and indeed were, entitled to longer credit; operations which could not but damage the character of our establishment; and one consequence was, that Mr. Jay, of Leadenhall Street, a creditor for upwards of two thousand pounds, insisted upon being immediately settled with. That, as I told him, was quite out of the question; and we were next threatened with a writ, which I cared very little about, as we could have pleaded to it, and it would have been months before judgment was obtained. Finding I was not to be frightened, Mr. Jay went to Stamford Hill; and although, fearful of some such trick, I had warned Mr. Marshall that he must see everybody that called, he was weak enough to bid the servant deny him. She did so to Mr. Jay, and the next day was bribed to make an affidavit of that fact (she at least did make the affidavit, and I certainly *saw* no bribe given,) which, of course, established a clear act of bankruptcy; and Mr. Jay sent me notice that if he was not paid by four o'clock on the following day, a docket would be struck against Mr. Marshall, without further notice.

I went to Mr. Jay, but he was deaf to remonstrances—though, if he had been treated with the same harshness about two years previously, he would not have been the big man he then was—and I took my way to Stamford Hill to warn my unhappy principal of the fatal turn that, through his own folly, affairs had taken.

The announcement was a renewed dagger-stroke, so to speak; though outwardly, he was less violently agitated than I had seen him; and a suspicion which had before crossed my mind that he had secretly armed himself with some potent means of avoiding public shame, forcibly recurred. Seeing no possible means of withdrawing the three remaining *red* acceptances from the bank, I urged immediate flight; promising, of course, to do all in my power to soften the blow to his wife, who, I had ascertained, apprehended nothing worse than ordinary bankruptcy. Mr. Marsh listened gloomily, with his hands on his knees, and his eyes fixed vacantly on the fire; till suddenly recollecting I had a note for him, I said:

"By the by, sir, I have a note for you—left at the office, Roberts told me, by a Mr. Willesden."

"Mr. Willesden! Let me see."

Mr. Marshall opened the note, read it, started up, and paced to and fro the room in a state of great excitement for a few moments; then suddenly arresting his steps, he exclaimed, as he shook me by the hand:

"Good-night, Johnson. God bless you. I shall be at the warehouse by nine—perhaps earlier. Good-night, good-night!"

Here was apparently a new and promising turn of the wheel. I had a notion of having heard the name of Willesden, but when or from whom I could not recollect. A rich friend or relative, I hoped, just turned up in the very nick of time, as they always do in plays. And it proved so! Mr. Willesden called at the warehouse precisely at nine; saw, and had a long conference with Mr. Marshall; left, as did Mr. Marshall, but not with him; and both returned within ten minutes of each other. Their second interview was a brief one; and very soon after Mr. Willesden left, I was summoned by Mr. Marshall. His face was as white, I afterwards remembered, as its natural sallowness permitted, and there shone a light in his eyes as of fever, or intense excitement.

"Take this cheque," he said, "and when you have cashed it, arrange with Jay. No doubt he will take half-down; in which case you can settle the other matter. This very afternoon were better, if it can be done quietly."

The cheque was drawn upon Jones, Lloyd & Co., for £2,700, in favor of John Marshall or bearer, by Richard Willesden. I seized and posted off with it without a word, hardly feeling my feet for uplifting joy, when—wonder upon wonders!—the ghost, as I for half a heart-beat deemed it, of Julia Curtis the younger tapped me on the shoulder and arrested my eager steps. She looked very thin and ill: and I soon understood how it was she had not sailed with her mother in the *William and Mary*, and that she, moreover, had been so unwell, that she had not left her room till the day previously.

"And I should not be here now," she continued, "but for a letter which has reached me, in a round-about way, from Douglas, intimating that a Mr. Willesden has gone to London to inquire about us, and that he purposes calling for that purpose upon Mr. Marshall of Fenchurch Street, who, he has heard, is likely to know where we are. So," added the young woman, "I thought I would wait here, taking my chance of seeing you, as I did not dare, you know, to call at the office."

"Come with me," I exclaimed, "to Jones, *Lloyd & Co. It is very likely they may know* where Mr. Willesden is stopping. *If not, I* will ask Mr. Marshall."

I was about to ask the clerk who cashed the cheque if he knew where the drawer was to be found, when, chancing to look forward to a distant part of the bank, I saw Mr. Willesden. He had apparently finished the business that called him there, and accosting him, I said:

"There is a young woman outside who wishes to speak with Mr. Willesden."

"What is the young woman's name?"

"Julia Curtis."

"What Julia Curtis?"

"Julia Curtis, sir, the younger. Here she is."

"Miss Curtis!" he exclaimed. "Can I believe my eyes? Why, I was assured by Mr. Marshall hardly ten minutes since, that you were too ill to leave your lodgings at Cheshunt."

"My lodgings at Cheshunt!" echoed the mystified girl.

"Yes. Upon my word, there is some strange mystery here. Come with me: we will seek Mr. Marshall at once."

During that brief dialogue, a dreadful suspicion was flashing through my brain; and with a look and gesture, supplicatory of silence, to Julia Curtis, I hurried away to Fenchurch Street. The crossings and crowds hindered me; but at length I burst, panting and breathless, into the office. Mr. Marshall was still there, and standing with his back to the fire.

"What has happened?" he exclaimed, before I could speak.

"I do not know. Mr. Willesden has met with Julia Curtis; they will be here immediately."

He started as if shot, and grasped the mantel-piece for support.

"Here they are," I wildly exclaimed, and rushed out into the warehouse to meet and whisper a warning word to the young woman, who, I felt, would not, for the world's wealth, betray her father knowingly.

I snatched her away, as it were, from Mr. Willesden's arms, and in a few brief sentences intimated the purport of my fears and suspicions. She replied by an assuring pressure of her hand. "He is saved," I mentally ejaculated; and looking up at the moment, I saw Mr. Marshall's white face at the office-window, looking into the warehouse—a ghastly face, and instantly withdrawn.

I hastened forward with Julia Curtis, preceding Mr. Willesden, and exclaiming aloud:

"All right—all right! Mr. Marshall, Miss Curtis presents her respects to you."

Mr. Marshall was standing with his hands resting upon a table in front of him, in a rigid, upright posture, and a mocking expression seemed to glitter in his eyes, and play about his lips. He spoke not—moved not, nor did either of us for a few moments; and then Julia Curtis sprang towards him, screaming, "Father!—dear father!" The unfortunate man feebly strove to remove her clasping arms, mur-

mured something—Ellen, I thought—his wife's name—and fell forward on the table.

Help, swiftly as it came, arrived too late; John Marshall was dead!

I have but a few words to add. Mr. Marshall had received the cheque for and on behalf of Julia Curtis, whose name was signed to the receipt which he had given to Mr. Willesden. The money was part of what she was entitled to under the will of Robert Curtis, deceased; and Mr. Marshall had represented that, at that particular moment, such a sum would be of great service to her. He, of course, believed that Julia Curtis was drowned, and must, I think, have intended to return Mr. Willesden the money at some future period. Possibly, however, in the harassed and confused state of his mind, he only knew that such a sum would for the time save him.

His secret was faithfully kept: the three *red* acceptances were quietly obtained and destroyed, and the business was disposed of much more advantageously than I expected. One word more; the Coroner's inquest, guided by the confident dictum of the medical gentleman who attended Mr. Marshall for the four or five weeks previous to his decease, that he had died of disease of the heart, did not think a *post-mortem* examination of the body was required, and returned a verdict of Natural Death. My own conviction does not harmonise with that verdict.

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE EXHIBITION.—Among the articles on exhibition we may specially allude to the following:—

Among the most interesting and successful machines is the Triumph Corn Sheller, patented by Mr. A. B. Davis, of our city. The machine operates on an entirely novel principle, and is so constructed and arranged that the whole power required in driving is expended in simply separating the kernels from the cob, without any grinding or tearing of the latter. The ears of corn are fed to the machine with an ordinary shovel, the stripped cobs passing out at the rear of the machine, while the kernels fall through the grating into a separate receptacle, thus avoiding the necessity of the additional and tedious process of sifting, required in other Corn Shellers. We have seldom witnessed the operations of any machinery with more pleasure than we have this Triumph Corn Sheller, and as a Philadelphia invention feel in it a natural city pride.

A space of more than ordinary interest, is occupied by an assortment of hollow-ware from Messrs. Stuart & Peterson's Spring Garden stone and hollow-ware foundry, Willow street, above Thirteenth, where are manufactured enameled, tinned, and plain hollow-ware, tea-kettles, cauldrons, wash-kettles, stone ware, copying-presses, tea and counter scales, and a variety of other articles suitable for the hardware trade. The articles exhibited by these gentlemen are of a most beautiful and attractive kind—each piece of ware being turned and finished by hand. The porcelained article is particularly fine, and being enameled upon a smooth, instead of a rough surface, as most of this article of American manufacture is, renders it more durable, handsome, and available in every respect. This ware must soon displace the more cumbrous stone ware, as well as supersede the English article, which has heretofore supplied the market.

On the same floor will be found the collection of gum elastic coated sheet iron of Messrs. W. Butcher & Son, Nos. 36 and 38 North Twelfth street. The article termed "American gum elastic impregnated sheet roofing iron," is made by subjecting the metal to a chemical process, (in which no acid is used,) in so complete and thorough a manner that the pores of the iron are opened when it is immersed in a bath of dissolved India rubber. After being taken out, it is placed in a suitable room for drying, and in a few hours is ready for use—the surface being perfectly coated or enameled. When thus prepared it can be worked into any shape or form, without cracking or breaking, and the coating will stand the test of the most powerful acid. The article is extensively used for roofing depots, bridges, store-houses, dwellings, etc., in all parts of the United States, and seems to be rapidly taking the place of tin and other metals used for such purposes. The exhibitors have kindly consented to roof the boiler covering for the Franklin Institute in which its qualities can be satisfactorily seen and tested.

TWO WEEKS LATER FROM CALIFORNIA.—A MILLION AND A HALF IN SPECIE.—INDIAN OUTRAGES.—NEWS FROM FRAZER RIVER.—The steamer St. Louis, from Aspinwall with California advices to the 5th ult., and $1,473,000 in treasure, arrived at New York on the 28th.

The Humboldt Telegraph had been completed from Placerville to the first summit of the Sierra Nevada.

The official majority of Baldwin, the Democratic candidate for Judge of the Supreme Court, at the recent election was 8,397.

A vein of valuable red chalk had been found in a gold canon in Sierra county. Gold, silver, and copper had been found in the mountains of Los Angelos.

Large numbers of Indians had made their appearance on the Mohave, causing great alarm at San Bernardin. They had attacked and wounded several Americans, and stolen a number of cattle.

The Bensley Water Company are now supplying a large portion of San Francisco county with water from Labos Creek. The aqueduct was capable of supplying a city four times as large as San Francisco.

Upwards of six hundred returned adventurers from Frazer River have landed at San Francisco.

Money continued easy, and loans were abundant at 1½a2 per cent.

ORMOOK.—The Los Angelos Vineyard of the 2nd ult., contains an account of a battle at Four Lakes, Oregon, on the 1st of September, between three hundred troops, under Colonel Wright, and five hundred Indians. The latter were completely routed, with the loss of seventeen killed and many wounded. The troops sustained no loss whatever.

The Oregon State Legislature met at Salem on the 13th of September, and adjourned *sine die*, thus giving up a State organization until regularly admitted by Congress.

Delazon Smith and L. F. Grover, elected to represent Oregon in Congress, were about leaving Portland for Washington.

Several attempts have been made to set fire to Portland.

THE STOCKINGS OF THE HAREM.—It is well known that the Sultan of Turkey has of late been in great financial distress. He has even felt compelled publicly to allude apologetically to the subject of his extravagance. It appears that the harem is a prominent cause of the Sultan's embarrassments. The expenses of this establishment are enormous and outrageous. In fact the poor Sultan is wofully swindled. The Vienna correspondent of the London Times states that for the stockings alone, which are provided in that city for the harem, it has been discovered that more than thirty times the ordinary price has been charged and paid. Uneasy rests the head that wears a crown and keeps a harem.—*Boston Courier.*

☞ Sweep first before your own door, ere you sweep before your neighbor's.—*Frederika Bremer.*

☞ Suspicion is the virtue of a coward.—*George Herbert.*

ANOTHER NEW YORK TRAGEDY.—A FATHER, MOTHER, TWO BROTHERS AND TWO SERVANT GIRLS SERIOUSLY INJURED.—One of the most bloody and horrible tragedies which ever took place in New York, was enacted at 217 West Thirtieth street last week. Francis A. Gouldy, a young man twenty years old, literally butchered the family, undoubtedly killing his father and one servant girl, inflicting injuries which may prove fatal to his stepmother, two brothers, and another servant girl, and crowning the terrible crime with self-murder.

The family consisted of Francis Gouldy, Jane A., his second wife, three sons, Francis J., the homicide, Nathan, fourteen years old, Charles Wesley, five years old, a daughter, Mary Eliza, fifteen, two small children, two and four years old, and two servant girls, Elizabeth Carr and Joanna Murphy.

It appears that the young man Francis had contracted some habits which displeased his father. He was out too late at night and wanted too much money. His father refused to give him a night-key, but would get up and let him in when he came home of nights, and perhaps rebuke him for his unseasonable hours.—It is stated also that Frank, as he was called, took a bank-book from his father's drawer, which the old gentleman pronounced no better than stealing.

Whatever the provocation or cause, Frank went home about ten o'clock last night. The family had retired, with the exception of the father, who was sitting in a front room on the second floor. His wife was in bed in the room adjoining in the rear, and the two small children were in a crib in the room with their mother.

Mrs. Gouldy says that as Frank came in, she was just retiring, and he said to her, "Why, mother, are you up yet?" "Yes, Frank," was the reply, "I am up yet." He then passed into the room where Mr. Gouldy was, and she heard some unpleasant words pass between the two, and finally heard a heavy fall on the floor. She had just got into bed, and thought to herself, "Is it possible Frank has struck his father?" and at that moment Frank came into her room, partially raised the netting from around the bed, and dealt her a heavy blow on the head with a hatchet. She screamed and sprang up, and he repeated the blow twice, when she fell heavily to the floor, breaking down the netting as she fell.

The murderer then passed through the hall bed-room where his two brothers slept. They had both got up, hearing the noise, and he struck each a murderous blow on the head with the same hatchet he had used upon his father and mother. He left them both prostrate and covered with blood, and passed on to the stairs and ascended to the third floor.

The apartments on the third floor were occupied by himself, his sister Mary, and the two servants. The servants had heard the noise, and were in the hall of the upper floor as he went up stairs. He immediately attacked them with the same fatal hatchet, prostrating each with a frightful blow upon the head.

Mary, hearing the struggles and screams of the servants, opened the door, and looking out, saw the girls covered with blood, but did not recognize her brother. Believing it to be a burglar, she locked her door and remained in her room. Had she known it was her brother, she would have rushed out, in which case she would probably have been murdered.

After committing this series of atrocious crimes, it is believed the homicide went down stairs, pulled off his boots and coat, and donned slippers and morning gown, in which costume he returned to his room.

But Mary, meantime, had not been idle. She had raised her window and cried "murder!" And officers Morehouse and Hull, of the Twentieth Ward Police, who were standing on the corner of Ninth Avenue and Thirty-first street, heard her cries, her room being in the rear of the house.

They immediately went to the house, but the door was locked, which delayed their entrance for some time; but they succeeded with some labor in forcing the door.

It is probable that Frank heard them, and found that he was detected. Be this as it may, before they found him he took a three-shooter, which was heavily loaded, and, placing the muzzle to the head, fired. The ball entered above the right ear, and passed out just over the left eye, causing instantaneous death.

The alarm having been given, the neighbors rushed to the spot, and beheld a scene of blood and horror painful to describe.

The father lay upon the floor entirely unconscious with his face and head bathed in blood. In the next room the mother lay helpless, and in the hall bed room the two boys were prostrate, and one of them senseless, and in the upper hall the two servants lay also covered with blood, one of them tossing her arms in delirium; while the author of the appalling tragedy lay lifeless on the floor of his own room, still grasping the fatal pistol in his right hand.

The two small children and Mary were the only ones unharmed. As the affrighted neighbors passed through the room in which the crib was, the little girl, two years old, sprang up and said pleasantly, "I am not hurt."

The carpets and furniture in every room through which the murderer had passed, were stained with blood.

Mr. Gouldy is about fifty years of age. He is a trustee in the Methodist Church, of which the Rev. Mr. Crawford, the man who was shot at in his pulpit by an insane man, a week ago last Sunday evening, is pastor. He was formerly a lumber merchant, and had retired from business with an ample fortune. He was esteemed by his church as an exemplary Christian, and by all who knew him, as an upright and honorable citizen. His wife and daughter, we believe, are also members of the same church.

Frank, the murderer, was awakened by the revival last winter, and joined the church on probation, or "on trial," as it is more generally called. But he soon apparently lost all interest in religion, and returned to the habits which his father hoped he had renounced forever. It is said his father has urged him to attend family prayer in the evening, but that he has of late refused to do so. But Frank is spoken of by former acquaintances as a "good fellow." They say he was never regarded as a bad young man, although he was rather wild. Others say that the family feared his habits would lead him to some desperate act.

It is, of course, impossible to conceive any adequate motive for this wholesale and horrid butchery. Two theories are presented: one, that he killed his father for the fancied injuries he had received at his hands, and frenzied by the bloody deed, killed all that came in his way. Another is, that he intended to leave no witnesses of his crime and no heirs to his father's fortune, and finding that he had not succeeded either in destroying the whole family or in concealing the evidences of his guilt, killed himself as soon as he heard the officers enter.

The latest reports from the Gouldy family favor the belief that the old gentleman will survive his injuries. His mind is said to wander very much, and he talks incoherently about some difficulty with "Frank," but he appears totally unconscious of the death of his son, or the condition of the rest of the family.

The two servant girls and the others are in about the same condition as they were yesterday. The physicians fear that if inflammation sets in, it will be impossible to save any of the wounded.

AN AERIAL SHIP.—Mr. John La Mountain, of Troy, New York, professes to have discovered a motive power, requiring neither fire nor water to feed it, for navigating the air, and proposes to build an aerial ship, to start from Troy next spring, cross the Atlantic ocean, and land in London or Paris, as may be agreed upon, provided the sum of $2,500 shall be raised to pay expenses.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Our advices are by the Persia to the 15th ultimo.

France had accepted the mediation of a friendly power in the dispute with Portugal, and a pacific solution of the difficulty was considered certain.

The Bank of France lost seventeen hundred thousand pounds sterling, in bullion, during the month.

The Bank of England's bullion, decreased £29,000 during the week.

The free importation of breadstuffs into Portugal is to be permitted.

The Spanish and French Vice Consuls were assassinated at Tetuan, Morocco. Energetic measures were to be taken, and it was expected they would enforce satisfaction.

The details of the China news show that the British destroyed the forts of Axander, but spared the town. Commissioner Reed remained at Shanghai.

The Germantown was in Canton River; the Mississippi and Powhatan were at Japan.

Bombay advices to the 24th of September, state that the disarmed troops at Mooltan had mutinied, and were nearly exterminated. Various successes over fugitive rebels are also reported.

The race for the Cæsarowitch Handicap was won by "Rocket" by a head. "Prioress" and "Beaver" ran a dead heat for the second place.

The iron trade at Birmingham has greatly improved, buyers being numerous. The prices were firmly maintained.

The officers and crew of the burnt steamer Austria publish a card in the Liverpool papers, claiming that they did everything possible during the calamity, and that the captain did the same.

The discounts of the Bank of France, during the month, increased upward of a million and a quarter sterling.

The panic prevailing on the Vienna 'Change is owing to the fears of speculators of an approaching resumption of cash payments by the Bank.

It is reported that Austria will demand explanations from the Pope respecting the augmentation of the French forces at Rome.

Another sad affair had occurred near Jerusalem about a fortnight since. An English lady, spending the summer in tents with the family of Mr. Finn, the English Consul, started to go alone to Jerusalem. Nothing was heard of her till a few days after, when her body was found by the roadside, bearing marks of vilest abuse, and torn by wild beasts. The matter is being examined into. All the *sheikhs* (or petty rulers) of the vicinity have been imprisoned. Some natives who have been examined say that they saw two *fellaheen* (the lowest class of tillers of the soil) with her.

It was reported that the account of the sacking of Manton (not Canton, China, as previously published,) by the British, is untrue.

A nugget of gold weighing twenty-one hundred ounces, was exhibited at Melbourne, Australia.

LIVERPOOL, Oct. 15.—Cotton.—There has been a slight decline in all qualities, but chiefly on fine and inferior qualities.

Breadstuffs are dull. Provisions quiet.

There has been no reduction in the Bank rates which remained at 3 per cent., although in open market, the minimum price was 2½ per cent. Great dissatisfaction prevailed in consequence.

TWO DAYS LATER.—We have two days later news from London, by the arrival, at New York, on the 31st, of the steamship Borussia from Southampton, the latest being the 18th. The Liverpool Cotton Market, on the 18th, closed firm, and breadstuffs also were firm.

The Bank of Bavaria had advanced the rate of discount to five per cent.; the Bank of Prussia to five per cent., and the Bank of Leipsic to six per cent., in consequence of the restrictions in the discount market at Vienna, pending the return to specie payments. The French revenue returns for the first nine months of the present year exceed those of last year by five millions of dollars, the chief increase being from sugar duties. The news generally is unimportant.

THE sword may pierce the bearer,
Stone walls in time may sever;
'Tis heart alone,
Worth steel and stone,
That keeps men free forever!

☞ Excess of ceremony shows want of breeding. That civility is best which excludes all superfluous formality.

DEAD! With that chill word
To link our hearts' best names! For this we pour
Our souls upon the dust, nor tremble to adore.

☞ A lady wrote upon a window some verses intimating her design of never marrying. A gentleman wrote the following lines underneath—

The lady whose resolve these words betoken,
Wrote them on glass, to show it may be broken.

☞ THE RULING PASSION.—In the last illness of George Coleman, the doctor being late in an appointment, apologised to his patient, saying that he had been called in to see a man who had fallen down a well. "Did he kick the bucket, doctor?" groaned out poor George.

☞ The Bayeiya chief, Polami, visited us while eating. I gave him a piece of bread and preserved apricot; and as he seemed to relish it much, I asked him if he had any food equal to that in his country. "Ah!" said he, "did you ever taste any white ants?" As I never had, he replied, "Well, if you had, you never could have desired to eat anything better."—*Dr. Livingstone.*

THERE are tones which will haunt us, though lonely
Our paths be o'er mountain and sea,
There are looks that will part from us only
When memory ceases to be.
There are hopes which our burdens can lighten,
Though toilsome and steep be the way,
And dreams that like moonlight can brighten,
With a light that is clearer than day.
—*Praed.*

☞ COURAGE OF OPEN AIR PREACHERS.—"Ten thousand men," says Isaac Taylor, in his Wesley and Methodism, "might more easily be found who would confront a battery, than two who, with the sensitiveness of education about them, could mount a table by the roadside, give out a psalm, and gather a crowd!"

THE President has issued an anti-filibuster proclamation, specially directed against the Walker expedition about to set sail from Mobile for Nicaragua.

THE Washington Union, speaking by authority, says the policy of the United States is not to acquire Central America, or any part of it, but to open the Isthmus routes and leave them free to all the world. Meanwhile, it is but fair to claim that the covenants made with our people be enforced. Not only has Costa Rica made ample apology, but has received Gen. Lamar with great cordiality, and invited him to attend the Convention of American States about to be held, with the view to effect a confederation thereof.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 140—Adults 68, and children 72.

A NEW WEAPON OF DEFENCE.—The London Daily News, after a hasty sketch of modern improvements in various kinds of arms, describes a new weapon invented by Charles Shaw. It says:

Seeing that we cannot rifle our cannon, because of the mass of metal we have to deal with, Sir Charles Shaw—the author of the invention which we now proceed to describe—proposes to divide our cannon itself as well as the shot. He replaces the field-piece, cannon or howitzer, by a row of rifle barrels, twenty-five in number. These are accurately placed on the same level, each barrel diverging slightly from the central one, so that the volley of rifle bullets discharged by the barrels will cover a width of about five yards at a distance of eight hundred yards. Sir Charles Shaw's rifle battery is indeed a reproduction of Fieschi's infernal machine, placed on wheels, and made far lighter and far more manageable than a light brass nine-pounder.

This implement may therefore be regarded as a rifled cannon, divided into twenty-five portions, as destructive as grape or canister shot at five hundred yards, or Sharpnell shell at eight hundred yards, with its deadly aim extended as far as the rifle can reach. Conceive a battery of horse artillery with four of Sir C. Shaw's infernal machines substituted for their guns. What battery of field artillery, what troop of horse, what battalion of infantry could withstand their deadly shower of Minie balls? The cannon or howitzer requires nine men at least to serve it, and it must be dragged by four or six horses; the rifle battery requires but two men to load it, and one to fire. It can be fired by one pull of the trigger, or in sections of twelve barrels at a time, as may be expedient.

INHUMANITY OF A FATHER.—Recently, in the Court of the Lord Mayor of London, a cutler, respectably circumstanced, named Robert Johnston, was brought up on a summons for neglecting to provide for his family, when revelations of his conduct to his sons and daughters were made of the most revolting character.—One of his daughters had attempted suicide.—When rescued and taken before the Lord Mayor, she acknowledged that her father's unkindness was the cause of the attempt. On the death of his wife, he had notified his children that if they continued in his house, they must pay rent; had refused to acknowledge them or provide for them in any way, and had repeatedly told the daughters to go upon the streets, and the boys to steal for a living.—Yet he was able to maintain them. When his daughter, who was injured for life in her suicidal attempt, was before the Mayor he refused to comply with a message for his attendance, and manifested the most callous indifference to her fate. The Lord Mayor, after reprimanding him severely and regretting that he could not more severely punish him, sent him to prison for a month, and ordered that he should be compelled to maintain his children.

A FREAK OF NATURE.—Mr. Vestal yesterday requested us to go to the Commercial Hotel to see a rare *lusus naturæ*. He has a girl who has four legs and feet, and two heads, four arms, and the upper part of two bodies, perfectly formed, with the exception that the heart of one of these bodies is in the right side instead of the left, but though it is doubtful as to its heads, arms and legs, yet in its spinal and pelvis arrangements it is one. Its two heads are very intelligent, and answer and sing together. In answering questions asked by any one, both answer together, and in the same words, or, if different questions are asked, each answers differently. In walking, the girl uses two or four legs, whichever happens to be the most convenient. In eating, she uses both mouths, though it is supposed that one would answer the purpose as well, as there is but one set of digestive organs. It is more wonderful than the Siamese Twins—they were two persons joined together by a membrane. This girl is two persons with one body—*duality in unity.*—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

PENNSYLVANIA ELECTION.—The vote for members of Congress in the whole State, foots up as follows:—

Opposition	190,103
Reg. Democratic	146,038
Anti-Lec. do.	29,417
Anti-Tax	3,903
Straight American	386

JOHN O. MEAD & SONS, corner of Ninth and Chestnut Streets, have just completed a great improvement in Tea and Coffee Sets, whereby they can be placed on stoves and fires to boil tea and coffee. They are of their own *manufacture*, richly chased, and warranted of the finest quality. J. O. M. & Sons have also on hand *most superior* Waiters, Castors, Knives, Forks, Spoons, Meat and Vegetable Dishes, Goblets, Communion Sets, &c., and every article in Silver Plated Ware *warranted* of the best quality.

PERRY DAVIS'S PAIN KILLER.—This unparalleled preparation is receiving more testimonials of its wonderful efficacy in removing pains, than any other medicine ever offered to the public. And these testimonials come from persons of every degree of intelligence, and every rank of life. Sold by druggists.

THE TRUE REMEDY FOR DYSPEPSIA AND INDIGESTION.—It is acknowledged on all hands that the Oxygenated Bitters is the true remedy for these complaints. They are free from alcohol, and contain, judiciously combined with hygenic substances, oxygen, the chief vital element.

"HAVE YOU A SLIGHT COLD, A COUGH, or pain in your breast?" This is a simple question; so simple that the reader may feel inclined to pass it by without answering it or even reading this article. Now we earnestly, but respectfully ask you to do both. Many of our most important duties are small, depending on things which in themselves alone considered are trifles, but taken in connection with their consequences, lead to mighty results. What consequences daily ensue from what is called "a neglected cold or cough?" Go into yonder chamber and see how anxiously that mother watches her darling son. The disease which might have been arrested in its incipient stage, has been permitted to riot, until it has fastened its fangs deep in his system. Still, none of the symptoms are decidedly against hope; the sufferer's constitution has not been weakened by intemperance, by irregularity of any kind, or by any previous attacks; so the chance of recovery is in his favor. He still sinks; but all maladies have their crisis, and she thinks every night that surely he will be better to-morrow. With what tender solicitude does she minister to the wants of his sick bed. How she watches his looks, and anticipates every wish of his heart. Day after day passes, and her hopes wax fainter and fainter. Every look of the attending physician is watched with an agony that has left its print upon her pallid cheek. At last the features of her son assume the rigid and sunken aspect of death, and she cannot mistake the dim glare of the eye, before it shuts in everlasting rest. He breathes his last upon that fondest of all fond bosoms—a mother's—and the strongest tie that bound her heart to earth seems snapt in twain. Is this fancy, or is it fact? *Fact*, we answer, startling fact; and yet, in thousands of cases these lamentable results might be prevented by the use of JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT, which may be obtained of Dr. D. Jayne & Son, Philadelphia, or of their agents throughout the U. States.

FEMALE BEAUTY depends not alone on regularity of features and symmetry of form, but much upon the color of the hair. The curling tinglet

"Hath none its charm to own;"

if red, but color it black or brown, and

"Man to its power will bow."

You who are so unfortunate as to have red hair, should use Jayne's Liquid Dye, which is acknowledged to be the best in use, producing a more natural color and free from the metalic lustre so common to most liquid dyes.

This Hair Dye is prepared only by Dr. D. Jayne & Son, Philadelphia, and can be had of their agents throughout the country. oct23-3t

PERSONS ADVANCED IN LIFE,

And feeling the hand of Time weighing heavily upon them, with all its attendant ills, will find in the use of Hoofland's German Bitters, an Elixir that will instil new life into their veins, restore, in a measure, the energy and ardor of more youthful days; build up their shrunken forms, and give health and energy to their remaining years.

Ask for *Hoofland's German Bitters*, prepared by Dr. C. M. Jackson, 418 Arch Street, Philadelphia. They are sold by druggists and storekeepers in every town and village in the United States, Canadas, West Indies and South America at 75 cents per bottle.

WATCHES, JEWELRY, SILVER AND PLATED WARE.—First class goods constantly on hand. The subscriber paying cash for every article is enabled to sell goods at very low prices. THOS. W. BAILY, 622 Market Street, Philada. ap11-18t

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 18th ultimo, by the Rev. Dr. Blackwood, Mr. DAVID MCKNIGHT, to Miss MARY A. MACPHERSON, both of this city.

On the 21st ultimo, by the Rev. J. Y. Ashton, Mr. J. H. DILKES, to Miss EMMA GRACE, both of this city.

On the 19th ultimo, by the Rev. A. P. Cobb, Mr. GEORGE C. RICHARDS, to Miss SARAH H. SIMON, both of this city.

On the 20th ultimo, by the Rev. Clark Loudon, Mr. WILLIAM GORDON, to Miss SUSAN MCCLEAN, both of this city.

On the 20th ultimo, by the Rev. J. H. Kennard, I. T. BOSSERT, to MAGGIE, daughter of Wm. Goodman, of Germantown.

On the 20th ultimo, by the Rev. John Chambers, THOMAS CASSIDY, to AMELIA K. daughter of Wm. Windle, Esq. both of this city.

On the 18th ultimo, by John G. Wilson, V. D. M. Mr. WILLIAM CLOTHIER, to Miss ELIZABETH BALDWIN, both of this city.

On the 27th of Aug. by the Rev. A. C. Cookman, Mr. ISAAC J. BROWN, to Miss KATE C. BOYER, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 25th ultimo, Mrs. SARAH CRIDLAND, aged 46 years.

On the 22d ultimo, JAMES, son of Geo. and Susannah Mitchell, aged 21 years.

On the 24th ultimo, ESTHER COLWELL, wife of Henry Lippen, aged 48 years.

On the 22d ultimo, ROBERT G. PATTERSON, aged 51 years.

On the 23d ultimo, JOHN BIRD, aged 30 years.

On the 23d ultimo, Mr. JOHN GILL, aged 52.

On the 23d ultimo, Mrs. MARY ALDRIGHT, aged 68 years.

On the 24th ultimo, Mrs. CAROLINE, wife of Jacob Barwig, aged 22 years.

On the 26th ultimo, MARTHA CAMPBELL, aged 25 years.

On the 25th ultimo, CHARLES J. GUNAGAN, aged 32 years.

On the 25th ultimo, Mrs. SARAH FOSTER, aged 63 years.

On the 26th ultimo, MARTHA, relict of the late Albert Coffin, aged 81 years.

On the 25th ultimo, Miss RACHEL A. BOND, aged 25 years.

On the 24th ultimo, Mrs. MARY WAATTS, aged 51 years.

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS,
No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing dull.

	Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.		
U S 6 pr ct, 1856		
" " '62	106	—
" " '67	113½	—
" " '68	113½	—
" 5 " coupon '74	104½	—
Phila 6 pr ct, old	102½	—
" " new	103½	—
" 5 "	84	86
Pitts 6 pr ct	85	—
" " coupon	—	—
Allegh City 6 pr ct	84	—
" County "	—	—
" R R issue	51	51½
" County 6 pr ct		
Penn R R issue	82	—
Penn 5 pr ct	93½	94½
" 5 " coupon	95	97
" 5 "	93	94
Tenn 6 pr ct	91½	93½
" coupon	89½	91
Kentucky 6 pr ct	104½	—
Missouri 6 "	87½	—
Ohio 6 " 1886	103½	—
N Carolina 6 pr ct	85	—
Virginia 6 "	93½	—
Indiana State 5 pr ct	89	—
Cal. State 7 pr ct		
new bonds	90	—
N Y City 6 pr ct	110	—
BANK STOCKS, &c.		
PHILADELPHIA.		
North America	140	—
Philadelphia	120½	—
Far & Mec	59½	60
Commercial	50	—
N Liberty	60	70
Mechanics	29½	29
Southwark	67	—
P Township	34	36
Kensington	44½	—
Girard	11½	12½
Western	67½	70
Man & Mech	27	27½
Commerce	65	68
Tradesman's	60	—
City	47½	—
Consolidation	25½	—
Commonwealth	21½	23
Corn Exchange	21½	22
Germantown	57½	60
Pittsburg, Pittsb'g	56	58
Exchange	54	—
Kentucky, Ky.	117	118
Northern "	120	—
Louisville "	109	110
Farmers "	120	125
Union, Nash, Tenn	99	99½
Planters "	105	110
N O Gas Light	124	—
Com & R R Bank		
Vicksburg	7	7½
Washington Gas		
Light Co	22½	23½
Lehigh Zinc	1	1½
New Creek	½	1
New Grenada	4	7
N America Ins'nce	13½	14
N Libertas Gas	22	—
Southwark & Frankford RR	56	58
Bonds	93	—

	Bid.	Asked.
RAILROAD STOCKS & LOANS.		
Pennsylvania R R		
1st mort bonds	102	—
2nd "	90½	91
" stock		
Interest off	45½	—
Cam & Amboy 6 pr ct bonds 1864	89½	90
" stock	—	118
Reading R R 6 pr ct bonds '70	81½	—
mort 6's '44	91½	92
" '66	72½	72½
" stock	28½	28½
Lehigh Valley R R		
mort 6 pr ct	99½	99
stock	35	36½
Phila, Wil & Balt stock	32½	—
6 pr ct loan '60	102½	—
Chas Val R R 7s	98	99½
Tioga R R	25	28
Williams & Elmira 7's 1st mort	71	73
2d "	46½	49
stock	10½	—
Catawissa	61	61
Beaver Meadow stock	54	55½
preferred 10 pr ct	32	—
North Penna R R stock	91	91
6 pr ct loan	69	69½
Phil Ger & Nor R R stock	35	—
6 pr ct loan	99	—
Mitchill R R 6 pr ct loan	61½	—
Har and Lan R R stock	5½	—
bonds '85	94	95
L. Schuylkill R R stock	251	253
Long Island R R stock	12	12½
bonds	79½	—
Erie R R stock	16½	—
Hudson River R R	34½	—
N Y Central "	83½	—
Michigan Central	84½	—
Illinois "	87½	87½
Michigan Southern "	74½	74½
CANAL STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Sch'll Nav 6 pr ct can '32	62½	63
imp. 6 pr ct	89½	—
stock	9	9½
preferred	17	17½
Lehigh Nav stock	51	52
mort 6 pr ct	95	96½
scrip	29½	31
Morris Canal'd	44	44½
preferred	108	110
Cam & Del	39½	45
bonds	78	79
Union	3	4
bonds	35	37
Sus & Tidewater	—	5
bonds 1878	—	37½

PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKETS.

CORRECTED WEEKLY.

JONES' SALOONS, 727 and 729 Arch Street.

MEATS.

Beef.		*Mutton.*	
Roasting rib, ₱ lb	14	Leg, loin, Chop, ₱ lb	a10
Sirloin steak	16	Breast and Neck	6a 7
Rump "	12 a14	Young Lamb, whole	3a4½
Chuck pieces	8 a11	Whole carcass	7 a 9
Plates and navels corned	8 a10	*Veal.*	
Tongues, smoked	62 a75	Fore quarter, ₱ lb	8
Leg, cash	31½a37½	Hind "	10
Shin	20 a25	Chop	12½
Kidney	8 a12½	Cutlet	12½
Liver, ₱ lb	5 a 9	Sweetbread, cash	10
Dried Beef, ₱ lb	14 a20	*Pork.*	
Lamb.		Young Pigs	1,25
Fore quarter	75 a87½	Salt and fresh, lb	10 a12
Hind "	1,00a1,25	Feet, ₱ set	12½a25
Chop, ₱ lb	10 a12	Tripe, ₱ lb	4 a 8
Calves head, cash	25 a37	Lard	10 a12
		Hams, sliced	14 a15
		Do cure sausages	16 a20

VEGETABLES.

Onions ₱ rope	12	Carrots, dozen	10
Bermuda potatoes, ₱ basket	1,25	Do do, ₱ lb	5 a 8
Sweet potatoes ₱ bus	75a87½	Corn pot's, ₱ bus	75a1,00
Cabbages, ₱ head	3 a6	Onions, bus	00
Squashes, ₱ basket	37½a62½	Egg plants, each,	3 a10
		Tomatoes, ₱ basket	50 a62

FRUIT.

Apples, ₱ bbl	1,00	Apples ₱ bush	25 a31

POULTRY AND GAME.

Spring Chickens, ₱ pair	50 a75	Pheasants	1,50
Chickens, ₱ pair	75 a1,25	Partridges	50
Teal ₱ pair	62 a1,00	Rail ₱ doz	25 a 30
Canvas-Backed	1,75	Chickens, ₱ lb	10 a12½
		Sqb Pig'ns, pair	25 a62

SHELLFISH.

Oysters (Absecom) ₱ bbl	50 a75	N Y do, ₱ bbl, 10,00	12,00
Do, ₱ M	16,00a20,00	Terrapins (Chesa Del)	9,00 a12,00
Morris River Cove, ₱ M	10,00 a12,00	Lobsters, lb	10
		Clams, M	2,00a2,50

MISCELLANEOUS.

Butter, lb	22 a25	Hone Fish, lb	12
Roll "	22 a25	Do! do, lb	12
Eggs, doz	18 a20	Mackerel,	10
Codfish	6 a 8	Sm'kd Herring, bunch	6
Dry Cod	5 a 6	Honey, lb	20 a25
Halibut, lb	12½	Sausage meat ₱ roll	12½

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE

BREADSTUFFS—There has been no activity in the Flour market this week, the demand both for export and home consumption being of an extremely limited character, and prices have again favored buyers. The sales for shipment reach only 5000 bbls at $5,12½ ₱ bbl for good superfine, at which figure it is freely offered; $5,37½ for extra, and $5,75 up to $6,75 ₱ bbl for extra family and fancy, including 3000 bbls on private terms, and 180 bbls middling at $3,50. The sales to the retailers and bakers have been within the range of the same quotations. The receipts are liberal, and the stock accumulating. We observe that the receipts at tidewater this year by the Erie Canal up to this date, exceed those of the same period last year by nearly 1,000,000 bbls, while the excess of the supplies of Wheat amount to nearly 4,000,000 bush. Rye Flour has been very quiet; sales of 150 bbls at $4,37½ ₱ bbl. Corn Meal is but little inquired after; sales of 600 bbls Pennsylvania at $4,25 ₱ bbl.

GRAIN—The receipts of Wheat during the past week have been quite moderate, but prices have been unsettled, and at the close we reduce our quotations 6@8c ₱ bus. The sales for the week amount to 22,000 bushels, at $1,12 ₱ bus for ordinary, up to $1,23 for prime Red, and $1,15@1,35 for White, closing at $1,16@1,20 for the former description, and $1,18@1,25 for the latter. The demand for Rye has fallen off. Sales of 2000 bushels at 70@75c for new, and 80c for old. Corn was dull early in the week, and prices fell off 2c ₱ bus, but since there has been a better demand for prime old; and part of this decline was recovered. Sales of 18,000 bushels at 78@81c for old yellow, including some in store at 78@80c; some inferior at 75c; new yellow at 66@68c, according to dryness; and old white at 76c, afloat. Oats have been dull. Sales of 12,000 bushels new South

NEWS ITEMS.

A WHOLESALE BUSINESS.—On the night of the 12th ultimo, twelve births were reported in the family of Heber C. Kimball, at Salt Lake City, Utah Territory.

MR. J. B. GOUGH is suffering from an attack of illness, at Orkney, and has been advised to proceed to Edinburgh, and put himself under medical treatment.

IMPROVEMENT IN IRELAND.—Liverpool papers notice the cessation this year of the great influx of Irish laborers, who annually cross the Channel to engage in the English harvest, and argue therefrom the improved condition of the Irish peasantry, who can now be more profitably occupied in the culture of their own farms—or those of their neighbors—than in seeking work elsewhere.

"THE CITY OF NOTIONS."—Boston, Massachusetts, is always experimenting in pavements. A few years ago they paved Washington Street with blocks of wood. This rotted, and they laid down an iron pavement. This has not suited, and now the whole street is interrupted by paviers laying down the old-fashioned cobble-stones.

SHEEP RAISING IN TEXAS.—The Gonzales (Texas) Inquirer says that a Mr. Fly, residing there, purchased, three years ago, one hundred and fifty head of sheep, for which he paid $375. The wool has already paid the original cost, and he has now $1,800 worth of sheep, and has had $500 worth of mutton, in the time. Not a sheep has died from disease.

MYSTERIES OF THE RUSSIAN COURT.—An extraordinary statement is made in the St. Petersburg journals:—In demolishing a wall in the apartments of Hereditary Grand Duke, in what is called the "Great Palace," in that city, the skeleton of a woman was found, still covered with fragments of clothing, which fell to dust on being exposed to the air. There is not the slightest tradition, they add, to show who the woman was, nor why she was closed in the wall.

TRIAL OF STEAM PLOUGHS.—A trial of steam ploughs, under the auspices of the State Agricultural Society, will take place at Decatur, Illinois on the 10th of November.

THE *Patriot and Union* states that a gentleman passed through Harrisburg on Thursday, 21st ult., who was suffering from a disease which he had recently contracted at a large hotel at Washington, similar in its symptoms to the National Hotel epidemic of 1857.

A FRESH importation of 80 camels, at New Orleans, is noticed in the Picayune. The animals are to be sent to Texas.

A MR. D. G. RAAB, of Ohio County, Indiana, presented a specimen of corn to the late State Fair of that State, with a statement that a field of twenty acres yielded one hundred and thirty-six bushels to the acre! The smallest yield of any one acre was one hundred and two bushels, and one acre produced one hundred and sixty bushels! The field was on the Ohio River Bottom.

AT Albany, a quarrel between some partisans of the prize fighters, Morrissey and Heenan, has resulted in one fellow named Turner, stabbing mortally another named Owen Curran. Turner was arrested.

THE late election in Kansas resulted in a complete triumph of the Free State party. A few Democrats were elected to the Legislature.

THE marriage between Jonathan and Miss Great Britain, which was so brilliantly celebrated a few weeks ago, is evidently a very unhappy one. At all events, *no words have passed between them* since the bridal day.

A POLYGLOT CREW.—The American ship Kalamazoo, Captain Taylor, now at City Point, Virginia, with salt and iron from Liverpool, is a genuine floating wonder, and illustrates the idea of Babel as astoundingly as would a human menagerie of all the tame and wild bipeds in existence. The Captain is a Quaker from Pennsylvania; his wife is an Irish woman; the first mate is an Irishman, the second a Virginian, the cook a Chinese, the stewardess a "Cornwall girl," (married to the cook!) two of the sailors are Malays, two negroes, one a Manilla man, and two more Swedes.

THE number of passengers on board the ill-fated steamer Austria is shown by the full and correct list, received by the Ariel, to have been four hundred and thirty-one, and of this number three hundred and seventy perished.

MORE CABLE.—Those gentlemen and ladies in the habit of wearing charms on their chains and chatelaines, will start with delight (perhaps) when they learn that the rope which surrounded the ring or enclosure in which Morrissey and Heenan fought, has been bought by a distinguished gentleman of Buffalo, and in a short time will be cut up, set in gold, silver or brass, and sold to all gentlemen and ladies who desire a memento of the battle. Those portions of it that became bloody during the contest, will of course realize a higher price, and probably will be reserved for the New York "*respectable*" editorial fraternity.

TERRIBLE ACCIDENT.—On Friday week a young girl named Ann Joyce was run over by a train upon the Illinois Central track in the following strange manner: She was walking upon the bridge, between the depot and the Round House, Chicago, and espied the train approaching, when it was too late to get out of the way. She immediately dropped down, hanging over the water, with one hand upon the rail. The train came on, and completely severed her hand from her arm, the poor girl falling in the water. She was rescued, and conveyed to her friends upon the north side.

LITTLE ADELINE PATTI is soon to be married to a Cuban gentleman, whose fortune is said to amount to three millions of dollars.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, October 30, 1858.

PENNSYLVANIA.	GEORGIA.
Solvent bks par to ¼ dis	Solvent banks 1 dis
Relief notes ¼ dis	SOUTH CAROLINA.
Crawford no sale	Solv bks 1 dis
NEW JERSEY.	ALABAMA.
Solv bks par to ¼ dis	Solv bks 1 to 3 dis
DELAWARE.	MISSISSIPPI.
Solv bks par to ¼ dis	All bks uncertain
MARYLAND.	LOUISIANA.
Baltimore ¼ dis	Solv bks 1 dis
Solv bks ¼ to ½ dis	OHIO.
NEW YORK.	Solv bks 1 dis
Solv bks par to ¼ dis	KENTUCKY.
MAINE.	Solv bks 1 dis
Solv bks ¼ dis	INDIANA.
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From the National Magazine for October, 1858.

WOMAN'S BEST FRIEND.

The Sewing Machine has proved itself a most valuable aid to the wife and mother, having the care and education of sons and daughters, and is too important a subject to be lightly dismissed, without its real value to the sex being fully set forth. There has heretofore been considerable said on the subject in these pages, and it is quite possible that we might have felt satisfied with what has been said, had the GROVER & BAKER SEWING MACHINE COMP'ANY been content with their previous achievements, in manufacturing a very excellent machine. They have recently, however, introduced a *new* machine for family sewing, which by far excels anything previously brought to public notice. Its merits are too great to be slightly overlooked, and we think that no lady will censure us for setting forth the claims of the new GROVER & BAKER Machine to the favorable consideration of the sex.

The NEW GROVER & BAKER Machine makes a new and entirely distinct stitch from any other made by machine—a patented stitch—much preferred for family sewing, on account of its great beauty, strength, and elasticity. It is without a rival in these particulars, because fabrics that are sewed by it can be washed and ironed without injury to the seam. If a thread should break from any cause, the seam *cannot* rip, for each stitch is so securely locked as to be independent of the remaining stitches for strength. We here give drawings, some with the threads loose (Figure 1), to enable the reader to form an idea of

Figure 1.

the merits of the stitch. It will be seen that the upper thread is passed through the fabric, and that the lower thread is passed both through and around the loop of the upper. Figure 2, exhibits

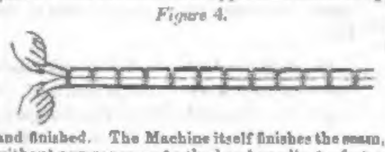
Figure 2.

the threads more tightly drawn, and will enable the reader to judge of the strength of the seam, when told that each stitch is twice tied. Figure 3 shows a small winding thread, lying flat and

Figure 3.

close on the under surface of the cloth. The whole duty of this under thread is to securely fasten the upper, and give *elasticity* to the seam. In stretching it the strain is divided between all the stitches, and as each stitch gives or yields to the strain, there can be little danger of breaking the threads from washing or ironing. Figure 4 shows the seam as it appears when drawn up

Figure 4.

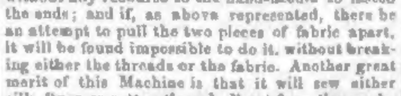


and finished. The Machine itself finishes the seam, without any recourse to the hand-needle to fasten the ends; and if, as above represented, there be an attempt to pull the two pieces of fabric apart, it will be found impossible to do it, without breaking either the threads or the fabric. Another great merit of this Machine is that it will sew either silk, linen or cotton thread, direct from the spools, as purchased from the stores, without any re-winding. In other words, the two spools may be put upon the Machine, and sewed from them direct, and a lady may readily learn to make an entire garment without unthreading either needle. We do not see why she might not exhaust the threads from both spools without re-threading the needles.

We will attempt a short description of the process of making this stitch, with a mere mention of the mechanism employed to do it. The upper thread, carried by a vertical needle, is passed through the cloth where it throws out a loop, which is caught by a circular needle carrying *a thread one half the size* of the upper thread, which is passed through it and held open until the upper or vertical needle is again passed down, through both the fabric and the loop of the under thread. This process is repeated until the seam is finished, the lower thread passing through the upper, and the upper thread passing through the lower. We marvel at the ingenuity and simplicity of the mechanism. It is so simple that a child of ten years can understand and manage it, while its durability will bear any test, except *intentional* violence.

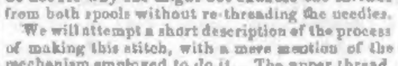
An inspection of the stitch cannot fail to impress the examiner with its striking resemblance to the "back stitch," so popular among ladies. Figure 5 shows that in the back stitch the thread is single

Figure 5.



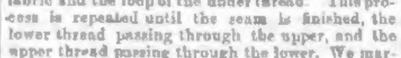
on the upper side, while it is double on the under. There is no need for describing this stitch, for it is too well known and appreciated. Figure 6 exhibits

Figure 6.



the two threads as they appear on the under surface of the cloth showing that they run in straight lines, parallel with each other, and not winding, as in the GROVER & BAKER stitch. Figure 7, shows

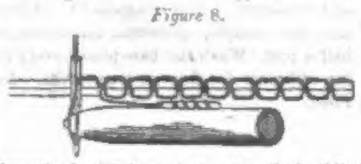
Figure 7.



the appearance (a side view) of the seam after it is finished. While it is equally strong, it has neither the beauty nor the elasticity of the Grover & Baker stitch.

For a better appreciation of the excellence of the GROVER & BAKER Machine, we will show what progress had been made in Sewing Machines prior to their invention. The nearest approach to making a two-threaded seam by machinery was the crossing of two threads, one on the upper surface of the cloth, and the other on the under surface. Figure 8 will show the upper thread carried

Figure 8.



through the fabric, as before described, while the under thread is contained on a bobbin inside of the shuttle, which passes through the loop, and to complete the seam, is drawn into the centre of the fabric. It requires many conditions to enable an operator to do this in all cases, for the thread on the under side of the seam will assume the appearance of the "mail bag" stitch (Figure 9), and

Figure 9.

when this is the case the lower threads may be pulled out without trouble. Even when the Machine sews perfectly, the sewing will, from many causes, grow worse and worse, as represented in Figure 10. On thick cloths there is less difficulty

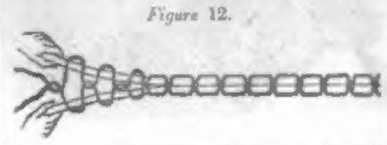
Figure 10.

in making a perfect stitch, with the appearance of the seam alike upon both sides, as shown in Figure 11. On such material, where the seam is

Figure 11.

not tested by washing and ironing, it may be durable enough for many purposes; but if the thread breaks, and the cloth be pulled as in Figure 12,

Figure 12.



the loops must of necessity draw out, as far as the ends of the thread will allow them. On thin materials there is not body enough to permit the crossing point to be drawn into the centre, and there is no other way of making the seam, than to permit the under thread to lie flat on the surface of the cloth, as shown in Figure 9. The thread will shrink in washing, and when the material is stretched in ironing, this under thread must break, and when it breaks there is no security against ripping. The utmost care is required to be used in washing and ironing garments made with the shuttle stitch seam, and great care may make it quite serviceable on thin fabrics. Every shuttle seam—whether upon thick or upon thin fabrics—requires to have the ends carefully fastened with a hand needle, that it may be prevented from ripping.

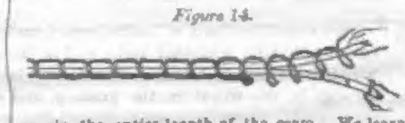
There are various methods of making this stitch, which is sometimes, for effect, called the "Lock Stitch," but it is still a shuttle stitch, whether made by a reciprocating shuttle or a bobbin and a rotating hook; the thread in either case must be carefully taken from the original spools and wound upon the bobbin. These bobbins contain very limited quantities of thread, and, as the reader must readily perceive, the coarser the thread the fewer number of yards the bobbin will contain.

This Shuttle stitch, which we have just described and illustrated, was as great an advance upon the Tambour stitch (which preceded it), as the Grover & Baker stitch was upon the Shuttle stitch. The Tambour stitch (shown in Figure 13) has been

Figure 13.

much used in ornamental sewing. It is a mere series of loopings on the under surface of the cloth, after the manner of the knitting stitch, and not one particle more secure, for if the thread breaks, and there be any strain upon the two pieces of cloth (as shown in Figure 14), the hoops will ravel

Figure 14.



or rip the *entire length* of the seam. We learn that most of the low priced machines make this stitch, which we regard as almost useless for family sewing, and would hesitate long before recommending our readers to invest money in one of them.

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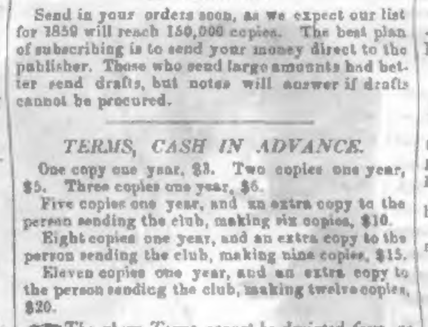

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MOTHERS!! MOTHERS!!!

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ALL THOSE WHO ARE AFFLICTED with any CHRONIC DISEASE considered incurable, will receive a LETTER giving information which will insure a speedy and permanent cure by sending their names and one stamp (to pre-pay postage) to DR. E. B. FOOTE, the celebrated Chronic Physician, and author of "Medical Common Sense," Saratoga Springs, N. Y. sr18-13t

Wit and Humor.

THE MATHEMATICIAN TO HIS BRIDE.

Charmer, on a given straight line,
And which we will call BC,
Meeting at a common point A,
Draw the lines AC, AB.
But, my sweetest, so arrange it,
That they're equal, all the three:
Then you'll find that, in the sequel,
All their angles, too, are equal.

Equal angles, so to term them,
Each one opposite its brother!
Equal joys and equal sorrows,
Equal hopes, 'twere sin to smother,
Equal—oh, divine ecstatics—
Based on Hutton's mathematics!

A COLLEGE JOKE.

One of the earliest Presidents of Jefferson College, Penn., was the venerable Dr. M'Millan, a man of great gravity and dignity of manners.

In those early times it was customary for the students, when meeting the President, to remove the hat from the head, place it under the left arm, make a profound bow, and pass the compliments of the day.

Among the students was Tom Devos, an eccentric fellow. His father was rich, and as Tom was always "flush of money," the height of his ambition was to sport a gold-headed cane and gallant the old Greek professor's daughters.

The term student, which he bore in common with the other members of the college, was a sad misnomer. Tom's mind was more deeply engrossed with backgammon, checkers, and "old sledge," than with his mathematics, and he was more deeply read in the lore of Chesterfield, than in that of Homer and Virgil. In fact, he was a shallow-brained, lily-handed fop, and, as may be supposed, a great favorite with a certain class of ladies who mistake impertinence for wit, and fine clothes and affected manners for refinement and solid accomplishments.

But to our tale. Tom was one day walking down street arm in arm with his friend, John Smith, who had a spice of the wag about him. Seeing the President a few paces before them, Tom hastily inquired—

"Smith, what is 'good-morning, sir,' in Latin?"

"*Ego sum stultus*," was the reply, without a moment's hesitation.

Meeting the President, Tom, after the most approved style of donkeyism, at the same time making a profound salaam, greeted him with—

"*Ego sum stultus!*"

"I am aware of it," responded the President, making a slight bow.

This proving rather unsatisfactory, Tom posted off to the room of his friend Byles, whom he saluted with—

"*Deacon, what is the translation of this sentence—'Ego sum stultus?*'"

"*I am a fool!*" responded the unsophisticated "deacon."

This told the whole story. As novel writers say, Tom's feelings may be more easily imagined than described.

Whether the students bored him about it or not, and whether the professor's daughters ever heard of it or not, "deponent sayeth not," but history recordeth that the next flat-bottomed boat that went down the Ohio bore *Tom as a passenger*.

A NEW YORK SENSATION ITEM.—The usual serenity of the fashionable locality of avenue C, on the East River side, has recently given place to scenes of a scandalous and alarming nature. A young lady, the daughter of a wealthy oyster merchant, residing in the above neighborhood, was jilted, several months ago, by a foreign gentleman of rank, a Dutch rag-picker, who boarded under the same roof. The girl, although one of the loveliest specimens of womankind, was rendered callous by the hopelessness of her restoration to respectable society: and she, accordingly, submitted the dazzling effulgence of her beauty to the gaze of the heartless people of that fashionable locality with considerable reluctance, whenever she was obliged to go to the hydrant for water. In this way she had lived about two months, when, one evening last week, she met her jilter at one of our most popular places of public amusement, and, drawing a fan, which it appears she had constantly carried about her person ever since her lover's desertion, she knocked him down without the slightest remorse. The wretched girl then escaped, notwithstanding the strenuous efforts that were made to arrest her: and hiring a vehicle, she was driven, at her own request, to a small street in the extreme suburbs of the city, and adjacent to the North River, where she took one of the ferry boats and crossed to Jersey, where she was found late last evening. Upon receiving tidings of the event, her distracted father, who has for some time past labored under serious pecuniary difficulties, with the greatest haste opened a thousand oysters with a table knife.

BEAT HIM AT HIS OWN GAME.—"Dad," said a young hopeful, the other day, "how many fowls are there on this table?" "Why," said the old gentleman, as he looked complacently on a pair of nicely roasted chickens that were smoking on the table, "there are two." "Two!" replied the smart boy, "there are three, sir, and I'll prove it." "Three!" replied the old gentleman, who was a plain, matter-of-fact man, "I'd like to see you prove it." "Easily done, sir, easily done. Ain't that one?" said smart boy, laying his knife on the first, "and ain't that two?" pointing to the second, "and don't one and two make three?" "Really," said the father, turning to the old lady, who was stupefied at the immense learning of the son, "really, wife, this boy is a genius, and deserves to be encouraged. Here, old lady, do you take one fowl, and I'll take the second, and John may have the third for his learning."

THE DEACON'S FOUR REASONS.

Not long ago, the subject of the erection of an orphan asylum was agitated in Cleveland. There were differences of opinion touching the location of the institution.

At a meeting called to settle this question, Deacon Black, who was a strenuous advocate of an up-town locality, debated the point.

The deacon is a man always ready and prompt to speak in meetin', but remarkably apt to find himself on his pins without any very clear or distinct idea of what on earth he is going to say. On this occasion, he jumped up and exclaimed:

"The asylum ought to be built up there for four reasons. First—"

Thus far it was all plain sailing, but at this point the deacon first began to conjure up his reasons, and found that they did not come as readily as he wished. He thought a moment, and went on again:

"First, ahem! first, because they are going to build a church in that neighborhood, and if the orphans want any religious instruction, they can go there and get it."

So the first was got along with. But now for the second—

"Second—(another pause.)) Second! there is a water cure establishment up there, and if they want to wash and bathe and get cured in that way, they can go there and do it."

Bravo, deacon! you are doing well.

"Third—(another ominous pause, and a stout struggle.) Third! the lunatic asylum is close by, and if they get crazy they can go there."

Bravissimo, deacon! One more charge, and the four reasons are stated.

Deacon comes up bravely to the work, with land discernible somewhere ahead:

Fourth—The new cemetery has just been opened in that neighborhood, and if they die, they can go there!"

It is needless to add, that the deacon's "four reasons" triumphed over all argument, and the asylum was built where he wanted it to be.—*Albany Register*.

CALLING THE HELP.—"One of those 'blasted English muffs, ye know,' came over into 'the States' the other day, from Canada. He took lodgings at an inn, in a bordering village which shall be nameless. He had dinner; and among those who sat at the table with him, was the waiting-maid, whom he designated as 'servant;' but he received an indignant correction from the landlord: 'We call our servants, Sir, *Helps*. They air not oppressed: they air not Russian scurfs.' 'All right,' said the 'bloody Britisher:' 'I shall remember.' And he *did*: for in the morning he awoke the whole house, by calling out, at the top of his voice, which was like the tearing of a strong rag: 'Help! help!—water! water!' In an instant every person equal to the task rushed into his room with a pail of water. 'I am much obliged to you, I am sure,' he said; 'but I don't want so *much* water, ye know—I only want enough to shave with!' '*Shave* with!' said the landlord: 'what did you mean by calling "Help! water!" We thought the house was a-fire.' 'You told me to call the *servants* "Help," and I did: did you think I would cry *water*, when I meant *fire*?'" The explanation, it should seem, was satisfactory.—*Knickerbocker*.

WHO THE DEUCE WAS IT?—A respectable gentleman in Windsor County, Vermont, many years ago, had an ambition to represent his town in the State Legislature. Though a man of good character, and every way able enough for the office he sought, he happened, as Aunt Peggy used to say, to have "a great many winning ways to make folks hate him," and was, in fact, the most unpopular man in town. Going to 'Squire X., an influential man who happened to be friendly to him, he laid his case before him, and asked his influence; saying that he didn't expect help without paying for it, and declaring that if he could get X.'s influence he was sure to be elected. The 'Squire "put in his best jumps" for his man; but when the ballot-box was turned, another man was declared elected. The disappointed candidate called out to know how the votes stood, and learned that he had got just three votes! "But I don't understand it," said he, turning to the 'Squire with a chop-fallen countenance. "Nor I either," said the 'Squire, "I put in my vote; you put in another; but who the mischief put in the third is more than I can imagine!"—*Boston Post*.

HOW HE PROVED IT.—A lover had been offered a kiss if he would prove his assertion that locomotives are accustomed to *chew tobacco*, as well as smoke out of their pipes:—

Giving his arms the proper gank,
To imitate an engine crank,
The motion forward first to shew,
And then the backward motion too;
Eager to press the promised prize,
He puckered his lips and twinkled his eyes
To smack her:
"Observe the sound
As the crank comes round."
He *archly* said:
"It's choo—choo—choo,
To go ahead,
And choo—choo—*chew*
To-backer."

VANITY THE TEST OF MERIT.—We say habitually of the writer of a poem, of the author of a play, of the exhibitor of fireworks, of the superintendent of any public exhibition whatsoever, that he has shown great poverty of invention, that there was no variety in his entertainment. The same of a General when he bungles a campaign; he has no variety of resources; he acts upon a stereotyped plan; he has no conception how to meet an unexpected combination. In all things, a man's variety is the measure of his wealth; and variety well used will be the measure of his power. There is nothing that the world in general so well understands as this. From a good dinner to a good sermon; from the last old English fashion revived, to the last new French fashion imported, the effective power of almost everything that delights and entertains the world depends on variety.—*T. S. Blackie*.

☞ It is from the depth of our humility that the height of our destiny looks the grandest.

NEW AND PROPER OMNIBUS REGULATION.

"'Weery sorry, mam, but yer'l 'av to leave yer krinerline outside."

WEIGHT OF THE EVIDENCE SHOULD CARRY THE DAY.—Josh was brought before a country squire for stealing a hog, and three witnesses being examined swore they saw him steal it. A wag having volunteered as counsel for Josh, knowing the scope of the squire's brain, arose and addressed him as follows: "May it please your honor, I can establish this man's honesty beyond the shadow of a doubt: for I have twelve witnesses ready to swear that they *did not* see him steal it. The squire rested his head for a few moments upon his hand, as if in deep thought, and then with great dignity arose, and brushing back his hair, said. "If there are twelve who *did not* see him steal it, and only three that did, I discharge the prisoner. Clear the room!"

RAPID IMPROVEMENT OF THE INDIAN MIND.—The editor of the Portland Transcript has been on a tour with the other Maine editors to the Aroostook region. The following brief conversation with one of the Aborigines, would seem to prove that the Indians of that region are making great advances in civilization:—

One old Indian who approached our party was greatly puzzled as to our character.

"You Englishmen?"

"No."

"You Commissioners?"

"No—editors."

"Ugh! you make newspapers! Learned men; have great minds!"

The distinguished German nobleman, Baron Von Donderhedt, has had his daguerreotype taken, crayon style, and thinks it singularly unlike him. Finding, however, after several days reflection, that he has been looking at it upside down, (as the reader now is,) he reverses it, (as the reader will now do,) and discovers that it is a remarkably good likeness.

Agricultural.

HINTS FOR THE SEASON.

I.—Put away carefully all tools that are not to be used again this season, clean them thoroughly, and cover all bright iron, or steel surfaces, with a mixture of lard and rosin, or tallow and white lead. The latter is excellent, and will protect such surfaces for any length of time. It is used by machinists for this purpose, when packing away parts of steam engines, or other polished work.

II.—Pick winter apples carefully. The trees should not be shaken on any account. Such dropped fruit is always more or less bruised, and sells for less than when hand-picked. It also rots soon, and will not keep for any length of time. Some purchasers in a small way may not know the difference, and will be deceived, but this is not right, and is bad policy in the end. For the wholesale market, hand-picked apples are the kind that are saleable.

III.—Feed garden refuse to milch cows, such as cabbage leaves, turnip, carrot, and beet-tops, small roots, and pumpkins that are too small for keeping, with a great deal of such like things, that otherwise would go to waste. These will help to increase the quantity of milk, and assist in keeping the animals in good condition.

IV.—Stiff garden soils should be ploughed up in ridges, the higher the better, and exposed to the winter frost, which will pulverise and mellow it. All such clay soils should be properly underdrained. Tile draining is the best.—*Ohio Farmer*.

DESTROYING GRAIN INSECTS.

Agricultural science is perhaps the most important of all others, because we are dependent upon its results for the very stamina of life, and no subject in relation to it is of more general interest than the one which forms the topic of these remarks. The labors of the husbandman are frequently rendered abortive by the ravages of tiny insects, which devour his grain in the fields, destroy the fruit of his toil, and blast his hopes of an abundant harvest. The two most destructive of these insects are the Hessian fly, and the wheat-midge or red weevil. The ravages of the latter have been very destructive in some sections of our country during the present year. The attacks of both are confined to grain in the fields. The means which should be employed by farmers to prevent or mitigate their depredations are described by the distinguished State entomologist of New York, Dr. A. Fitch, also by Professor Hind, of Toronto, C. W., in his prize essay of 1857.

There is another wheat insect which is oftentimes very destructive to grain in heaps, namely, the true weevil (*calandra granaria*,) and as the crops are now being "gathered into the garner," our remarks will be confined to it.

This weevil is a sort of small beetle, brown in color, having a slender body, and is about one-eighth of an inch long. The female lays her eggs in the wheat in the granary, and a single pair will produce six thousand descendants in one year. The young burrow in the kernels of the grain, consume the contents, and leave only the shells. So secretly are their operations conducted, that it is impossible to detect them by the simple inspection of the wheat. On throwing a handfull of the grain into a bucket of water, those attacked with the insect will float, while the sound grains will sink, and in this manner their presence will be discovered. After a female weevil has deposited an egg in a grain, she closes the puncture with a glutinous substance of the same color as the husk, hence the difficulty of detecting the presence of this depredator when in its *larva* state. As one of these insects can be the means of destroying six thousand grains in a storehouse in a season, some conception will be formed of its means of destruction.

On the approach of very cold weather developed weevils retire from the wheat, and seek shelter in crevices where they remain in a torpid state. They are not so destructive in the cold as in the warmer sections of our country, where certain methods for their destruction are more urgent and necessary. They avoid light, hence, if the wheat is kept in well-lighted granaries and frequently turned over, much will be done towards checking their operations. Authors, however, who have devoted much attention to their habits, have asserted that kiln-drying the wheat is the only effectual means of destroying them. It has also been recently recommended that wheat for storing up should be submitted to the action of a smut machine, to receive a thorough scouring, in order to rub off the glue with which the female conceals the punctures made for her eggs. The admission of air into these small holes, it is stated destroys the germinating powers of the eggs. It seems reasonable to us that by submitting wheat to a scouring process, then heating it in a kiln up to a temperature of about 120 degrees or 130 degrees Fah., it would be completely protected from the destructive effects of this insect in granaries.

A correspondent of the *American Farmers' Magazine* asserts that the weevil, midge, Hessian fly and rust may be exterminated from wheat by preparing it for sowing, as follows:—Wash the wheat thoroughly in several waters in a tub, stirring it well until the water runs off clear. After this take two quarts of caustic lime to every bushel of grain, and mix it well with the wet wheat in the tub. The amount of water in the tub should just cover the grain, which must be left to soak for twelve hours. This lime lye kills all the seeds of the insects, and the wheat is then rendered fit for sowing by turning it over among dry wood ashes on the barn floor, and using a pound of the flour of sulphur to each bushel. It is stated that the sulphur protects the grain from the attacks of vermin, while the alkali dissolves the insect ova in the seed. Wheat thus prepared has yielded large crops in New England. We have seen this grain prepared for sowing by various modes, such as salt brine, lime and ashes, but we like the above method better than any hitherto known to us.

CURE OF GAPES.—In return for N. D. E.'s (Albany, N. Y.,) information on the cure of gapes by the seemingly awkward way of extracting the worm from the windpipe of chickens by the use of horse-hair (which it must be a very tedious job to insert in the windpipe), I will name a better plan. When chickens, pheasants, or partridges are affected with the gapes, draw a flight feather from the wing, and insert it about one inch and a-half in the windpipe; turn it gently three or four times with the finger and thumb; withdraw (turning), when you will extract perhaps as many as three small worms. Once doing is in general sufficient to release them from all troubles of the worms. That is an old plan, and has been done with success for years, but of late years I have had a better remedy, that is, a preventive, and which I have used for years in one of the largest breeding establishments in England with the greatest success. I have often had as many as two thousand head in confinement all under my charge, and at the present time I have upwards of one thousand head of poultry under my care, besides pheasants of all varieties; and I defy any one to find a gapy or roopy chicken or bird in the aviaries or about the premises. Why is it so? Because I use the restoratives weekly, with cleanliness and plenty of spring water. I have bred upwards of 700 head of poultry and pheasants this season, and not the slightest sign of roop or gapes among either. To make the restorative, take half a pound of sulphate of iron, one ounce of diluted sulphuric acid, dissolved together; when dissolved, put two gallons of spring water to the iron and acid, let it stand twelve or fourteen days, when it is fit for use. The dose to chickens or young pheasants or partridges is a teaspoonful to one pint of water for them to drink, given twice a week or even thrice, when I warrant there will be no gapes or roop found among the young stock. For old birds it is invaluable at this season of the year; when weak in the moult it throws fresh blood, and strengthens wonderfully. All it wants is a trial to be appreciated. The cost for the two gallons will be about 9½d., which will last a large collection nine weeks, at the rate of one penny per week.—J. DOUGLAS (Wolseley Aviaries.)

[We have no doubt the restorative is excellent, and confidently recommend its use.—*Ed. London Field*.]

SPLINTS IN HORSES.—"An Old Subscriber" asks for information regarding splints in horses; and some months since information on the same subject was asked for by another. Perhaps the following may be useful or interesting to both querists. Twelve months ago a favorite young mare of mine threw two bad splints on the fore legs, which lamed her. My neighbor, a distinguished Indian cavalry officer, advised me to try a remedy which he said had been communicated to him by an Arab horse-dealer, and which he had used with success.—Cut a sheep's kidney in two (as if it were to be broiled for your breakfast); score one-half of it with a knife, and sprinkle it well with powdered blue stone (it may be scraped with a knife); clip or shave the part, and apply the kidney, binding it on with a bandage, and leaving it to rot off, which it will do in two or three days, leaving a very complete blister.—My mare was perfectly and beautifully cured by this application; she is now sound as a bell, and has never shown the slightest disposition to throw splints again. At the same time, with an old horse, where the splint occasioned no lameness, I should be inclined to let him alone; and such a blemish would not prevent me from buying a horse which was otherwise sound, and suited me.—*Correspondent of London Field*.

WATERMELONS.—A. S. Potter asks how to "ascertain when watermelons are ripe." This reminds me of a matter already too long neglected for this season. But first let me tell him how I ascertain, in addition to what you have said on the subject. Look to the "*curl*" and spoon-shaped leaf near the stem of the melon. When these are dry and brown, I pick the melon, with full faith that it is ripe. I want all young ruralists to recollect this, and not do as was done in my patch by a young Miss, "*plug*" all the large melons to find the ripe ones.

To grow *watermelons without seeds* would be a desirable thing, would it not? It can be done, but I am not quite sure as I shall tell you, for a very good reason; yet I will tell as much as I know about it. In the city of Rio Janeiro, an old French gardener supplies the market with *seedless watermelons*, or did during the winter of 1848-9. He did it by pruning, so as to *prevent the pollen from having its influence on the germen*. This will prevent the formation of seeds. Do any of your readers understand the matter? If so, let us hear; if not, let all interested test the matter thoroughly, and report progress.—*Rural New Yorker*.

HIGH FARMING VS. INSECTS.—Speaking of the insects infesting the wheat crop in this and the old country, the Mark Lane Express thinks that the production of insects is greatly promoted by the defective system of agriculture in this country, remarking that "when the average produce of wheat in England was only two and a-half quarters per acre, the ravages of insects were far more general and destructive than they are now that the average has risen to four quarters and a-half. High farming is as destructive to vermin as to weeds, and it is rarely that the devastation committed on highly cultivated land is very serious."

REMEDY FOR THE TURNIP FLY.—A correspondent of the Mark Lane Express, details at some length the success of experiments in sowing mustard, as a decoy for the turnip fly, stating that they will not attack Swedes when mustard plants grow in the vicinity. The black caterpillar also prefers the mustard to the turnip plant. The remedy is commended as simple, cheap and efficient—and if so, is certainly worthy of adoption.

MANGE.—"Sewin" writes: "I want to know how to cure a dog (terrier) of a sort of mange which takes all the hair off its back, and which I cannot cure, having tried brimstone and turpentine to no purpose?"—Chloride of zinc one scruple, glycerine one ounce, water half a pint. Wash the bare places every morning with this for three or four weeks.—*London Field*.

The Riddler.

MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 25 letters.
My 11, 22, 8, 4, 23, 22, was a goddess of Silence.
My 20, 19, 10, 8, 6, was the first king of the Assyrians.
My 23, 9, 23, 22, 17, was the eldest brother of Saturn.
My 25, 22, 1, 16, 9, was the frantic priests of Mars.
My 1, 24, 21, 23, was Diana's name in heaven.
My 12, 1, 5, 25, was the son of Troas and Callirrhoe.
My 15, 22, 18, 2, 14, was the son of Vulcan.
My 6, 22, 1, 13, 6, was the goddess of health.
My 7, is a consonant.
My whole was a celebrated Roman.

CLIO.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 31 letters.
My 21, 9, 21, is a city in the Burman Empire.
My 13, 22, 19, is a gulf in Russia.
My 16, 3, 24, 7, 21, is a city in Arabia.
My 17, 21, 11, 28, 17, 26, is a Mount in Palestine.
My 4, 21, 28, 21, 6, 24, 30, 31, is a city in Syria.
My 28, 25, 11, 13, 7, 20, 8, is a division of Africa.
My 9, 3, 6, 1, 15, is one of the planets.
My 5, 18, 19, 6, is the rainbow.
My 9, 5, 7, 10, 18, 25, 12, is a form of government.
My 7, 21, 12, 27, 1, 31, is a lake in New York.
My 14, 29, 13, 11, 19, 4, 21, is one of the United States.
My 28, 10, 18, 20, 27, 11, 23, is one of the planets.
My 1, 21, 30, 11, 27, 31, is a sign of the zodiac.
My whole was the greatest event in the 15th century.

Wells, Bradford Co., Pa.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Reader, dear,
Pray give ear,
And I will a tale unfold!
Without doubt,
'Tis about
Something you have heard of old;
Tis a useful thing I mean,
Remains clearly to be seen—
What's in my first
Quenches thirst,
Also helps us to be clean.

Father, mother,
Sister, brother,
Uncle, aunt, and cousin too,
Might be reckoned,
To my second,
In relationship to you
Do not doubt it, scout, nor flout it!
When I say some are without it.
My whole is round,
Not very sound—
There's the riddle—set about it!

CINROS.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is part of a *caravan*;
My second, perhaps, will be a man;
My whole, I think, is a "vitriol-can.

GAHMEW.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Five letters will compose the name
Of a poet who won great fame;
Though many years since he passed away,
His works are read at the present day.
Now if the last letter we omit,
We see what none will ever forget.
Omit the second and the third,
And I'm a pronoun you oft have heard.
Omit the third and last, and you
An implement will bring to view.
Omit the first, transpose the four,
You'll see a city of days of yore.
Now solve this riddle, reader kind,
And the answer you will surely find.

Warren, Vt. HARP.

ANAGRAMS

On Contributors to the Riddler.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A tin ram.	Yel, Ned.
No, sir, C.	Rap H.
Haw, ge, M.	Lap A. H.

LEO.

ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A man bought a valuable farm, it being in four fields of unequal size, paying as many dollars per acre for each field as there were acres in that field. The sum paid for the first field was to the sum paid for the second, as the cost of the second was to the cost of the third, or as the cost of the third was to the cost of the fourth. The largest field contained 117 acres more than the smallest; and the difference between the other two was 30 acres. What was the cost of the farm?

Sharpsburg. T. L. M.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ What ship's boat ought to contain a happy crew? Ans.—A jolly boat.

☞ Why are ladies like bells? Ans.—Because you can never find out of what kind of metal they are made until you have given them a ring.

☞ What two reasons exist why whispering in company is not proper? Ans.—1. It is not aloud (allowed.) 2. Private earing, (privateering,) is unlawful.

☞ What two places' names in France will describe the language of a parent who refuses to give his daughter in marriage? Ans.—Ushant, Havre.

☞ DREADFUL!!!—What animal would you like to be on a very cold day? Ans.—A little *otter*.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

ASTRONOMICAL ENIGMA—Aurora Borealis or Northern Lights. MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA—Jenny Lind, the Swedish Nightingale. GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—Thomas Hart Benton. CHARADE—Whirlwind. CHARADE—Cat-o-nine-tail. CHARADE—Peoria (Pea-o-rye-a).

☞ "I believe that mine will be the fate of Abel," said a wife to her husband, one day.—"Why so?" inquired the husband. "Because Abel was killed by a club, and your club will kill me, if you continue to go to it every night."